Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1923

CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT

BY ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER

JEALOUSY among the several Departments of the United States Government has been more or less in evidence since the Government was first organized. In the early history of the nation strong opposition was manifested toward the Supreme Court by both the Executive and Legislative departments. This was due in great measure to the existence of a difference in political thought in respect to the character of the Government created under the Constitution, which prevailed among those forming the convention in which the Constitution was framed as a result of the compromise of conflicting views. The Supreme Court, under the leadership of the great Chief Justice Marshall, stood for a strongly centralized National Government, and all of the early opinions interpreting the powers of the Government under the Constitution tended in that direction; whereas Thomas Jefferson and his enormous following were what was known as "Strict Constructionists," believing and advocating that the government was purely federative in form, and that it had only such powers as had been expressly delegated to it by the Constitution. The former conception has prevailed through the force of circumstances and the logic of events, and was finally settled by the results of the Civil War.

While jealousy of the Court and opposition in certain respects to the exercise of its great powers have been dormant over considerable periods, it has continued to survive, and now and

Copyright, 1923, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again has flared forth when the Court in some case of national public interest has by a divided opinion nullified State or National legislation, as the case might be, and so held the States, and the National Legislative and Executive departments, within their Constitutional limitations.

With our enormous and rapid increase in population, and unprecedented economic and industrial development, social problems have arisen that have created Socialistic tendencies among the people, which they have sought to effectuate by national legislation. Efforts along these lines have been unusually active in recent years through the influence of humanitarian, reform, and social betterment organizations. Some of the legislation attempted by the Congress because of the active propaganda and insistence of such organizations has been meritorious and desirable in principle, but much of it has been vicious in the extreme, outside the scope of the National powers, and largely inspired by political considerations.

The present recrudescence of criticism of the Supreme Court and opposition manifested toward it is due entirely to the fact that the Court has been constrained to hold much of this legislation unconstitutional, as beyond the power of the Congress to enact, and very unfortunately by a divided court in many cases—the decisions being frequently five to four. There have been so many decisions of this character within the last few years, and recently in respect to certain very popular legislation, that hostility to the Court has again broken out in the Congress and among a very large class of people, and has found expression in several bills introduced in the last session, which will be reintroduced when the new Congress convenes next December, to curtail the powers of the Court by requiring seven of the nine Judges to concur in order to declare an act of the Congress or of a State legislature unconstitutional, in the exercise of the Court's appellate jurisdiction. The authority of the Congress to do this is claimed by the authors of these bills to be found in Section 2 of Article 3 of the Constitution:

> In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the light of the past it is indeed strange that such bills should now be brought forward, for they do not involve a modern, enlightened, and progressive principle, but an ancient heresy, which was thoroughly examined and exploded nearly a century ago, and again later on in our history. In 1824 a resolution was introduced in Congress proposing a Constitutional Amendment abolishing the Supreme Court altogether: And in 1867–68 bills were introduced in Congress identical in principle with those mentioned, which were thoroughly canvassed, discussed, and definitely rejected.

The error of those who thus find fault with the Court, and are sponsoring these bills to curtail its powers, is that they do not understand the distinction between the *Judicial Power* of the Court and its *Jurisdiction.*

The ignorance of so many of the present generation of Americans of our institutions because of the failure of our public schools and other institutions of learning adequately to instruct in respect to them; and, still more astonishing, the lack of acquaintance with the peculiarities of the United States Government manifested by responsible European statesmen at the Versailles Conference, as for example, that President Wilson had the power to bind the American Government to a treaty without the concurrence of the United States Senate, together with the following statement by Viscount Bryce,—of cherished memory here,—in his celebrated work on our Government, *The American Commonwealth,*—suggest that a discussion of this subject at this time would be most appropriate and opportune.

Bryce says:

> No feature in the Government of the United States has awakened so much curiosity in the European mind, caused so much discussion, received so much admiration, and been more frequently misunderstood than the duties assigned to the Supreme Court and the functions which it discharges in guarding the Ark of the Constitution.

Preliminary to and for a clearer understanding of the question at issue, it is deemed essential to discuss briefly the form of the American Government. It has been common to designate our form of government as a democracy, but in the true sense in which that term is properly used, as defining a government in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which all its acts are performed by the people, it is about as far from it as can be. Ours is a composite government, a representative republican government, one in which the powers that belong to all sovereignties are divided and placed in different depositories.

The proper division of these powers is of the greatest importance, and they were wisely distributed by the framers of the Constitution among the three branches which have come to be recognized in all good governments as essential to a proper balance of their functions: the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial. The Legislative branch enacts the law, the Executive enforces it, and the Judicial interprets its provisions, both as regards private and public rights, as between the citizens themselves, and as between them and the Government of the United States. This is the Constitution of the United States. It establishes these powers, defines and limits them. It distributes them among these three departments, and then confines them to their proper scope, and field of action, in order that there may be a useful and safe administration for the benefit of all the people, for whom all governments are instituted.

However, the lines that mark the division are not perfect, and it is probably unfortunate that they are not more so. But it is unnecessary to a discussion of this issue to point out the imperfection of the divisions, or to advance reasons why it may be desirable that they should be more perfect. Suffice it to say that, for general and most useful purposes, the best feature of our Constitution is that it does make this substantial separation of powers among these three departments.

These departments, under our form of government, are coordinate in dignity. Neither of them is intended, by the theory of our Constitution, to be subject to the other. The President cannot be compelled to make a treaty, nor to appoint to office anybody that he does not wish to appoint. The Legislature cannot be compelled to pass any laws, and it alone can exercise that function. The Judiciary alone can construe them, when enacted, and enforce them by proper judgments of the various courts.

Mr. Justice Wayne has advanced this idea in very appropriate terms:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The departments of the Government are Legislative, Executive and Judicial. They are coördinate in degree to the extent of the powers delegated to each of them. Each in the exercise of its power is independent of the other, but all rightfully done by either is binding upon the others. The Constitution is supreme over all of them, because the people who ratified it have made it so. (*Dodge* v. *Woolsey*, 18 How. 331, 347.)

Article 3 of the Constitution vests the Judicial power of the United States in the Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress is authorized by the Constitution to ordain and establish from time to time. It specifies the cases, in Law and Equity, to which this Judicial power shall extend. In some of the cases mentioned it gives the Supreme Court original jurisdiction, and in all the other cases it provides that—

The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make.

It will appear from an examination of Article 3 that it provides primarily for four things, viz.: It creates the Supreme Court; specifies the cases in which it shall have original and appellate jurisdiction; authorizes the Congress to establish inferior courts; and vests the Judicial power of the United States in the Supreme Court and in the courts so established.

The two things that arrest one's attention in the perusal of this Article are Judicial Power and Jurisdiction, which are the very antitheses of each other. The former it confers directly upon the courts, which exercise it with absolute independence of the other departments of the Government. (Taney, C. J., in note to *U. S.* v. *Yale Todd*, 13 How. 52.) The question to be answered is, What is this Judicial Power of the Courts which they derive directly from the Constitution? It is, indeed, very difficult to find any exact definition made to hand. Many are given in textbooks, and also in decisions of the Supreme Court. Perhaps some of the best definitions are given by Chief Justice Marshall in *Osborn* v. *Bank of the United States*, 9 Wheat. 738, 819, as follows:

It is the power of the court to decide and pronounce a judgment, and carry it into effect between persons and parties who bring a case before it for decision.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A case arises within the meaning of the Constitution when any question respecting the Constitution, treaties, or laws of the United States has assumed such a form that the judicial power is capable of acting on it.

Chief Justice Taney, in speaking of the Court and its Judicial power, said:

The Supreme Court does not owe its existence or its powers to the Legislative department of the Government. It is created by the Constitution, and represents one of the great divisions of power in the Government of the United States, to each of which the Constitution has assigned its appropriate duties and powers, and made each independent of the other in performing its appropriate functions. The power conferred on this court is exclusively judicial, and it cannot be required or authorized to exercise any other. . . . The existence of this court is therefore as essential to the organization of the Government established by the Constitution as the election of a President or members of Congress. It is the tribunal which is ultimately to decide all judicial questions confided to the Government of the United States. No appeal is given from its decisions, nor any power given to the Legislative or Executive departments to interfere with its judgments or process of execution. (*Gordon* v. *United States*, 117 U. S. (appendix) 699, 700.)

Notwithstanding the unique position of the Court in our scheme of government, and the tremendous powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, it is not a menace to our liberties and property rights, but their greatest bulwark and safeguard, as proven by its history. While the court is supreme within its sphere, and its independence has been safeguarded in every way in the exercise of its duties, there is no justification for the fear, sometimes expressed, of judicial usurpation on its part, for—

While by the Constitution the Judicial department is recognized as one of the three great branches among which all the powers and functions of the Government are distributed, it is inherently the weakest of them all. Dependent as its courts are for the enforcement of their judgments upon officers appointed by the Executive and removable at his pleasure, with no patronage and no control of the purse or sword, their power and influence rest solely upon the public sense of the necessity of the existence of a tribunal to which all may appeal for the assertion and the protection of rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and by the laws of the land, and on the confidence reposed in the soundness of their decisions and the purity of their motives. (*United States* v. *Lee*, 106, U. S. 196, 223.)

The greatest danger in our governmental scheme to our liberties and property rights is not the Courts, but the Legisla-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive department, as evidenced by the people's present distrust of our legislators and their efforts to curb them by the Initiative and Referendum, and other Constitutional limitations upon their powers. Thomas Jefferson in the earlier days of his political career was much given to demagogic denunciations of the courts, but in his declining years, when his judgment had been ripened by observation and experience, he concluded, and voiced the opinion in a letter to Madison in 1789, that not the power of the Courts or the Executive, but "the tyranny of the Legislative power is really the danger most to be feared" in our Government.

The *jurisdiction* of the Supreme Court over the class of cases mentioned in Article 3 is divided into original and appellate. It gives to the Court original jurisdiction in all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. It exercises this jurisdiction exclusive of any and every power of the Congress in respect thereto. Congress can no more interfere with this jurisdiction of the court than it can with the Judicial power of the Court. In all the other cases mentioned in the said Article the jurisdiction of the Court is appellate, and is subject to regulation by Congress. One of the earliest enactments upon the subject was, that no ordinary suit between individuals could come to the Supreme Court for revision unless the amount involved was over two thousand dollars. It is now five thousand. Congress in many other respects has exercised its power in regulation of appeals to the Supreme Court, but it is not deemed necessary to specify them, as its power in the premises is undisputed.

This authority of the Court is one of the elements of its Judicial power vested in it by the Constitution. While it is true that the Constitution does not confer upon the courts in express terms the power to declare unconstitutional laws of the Congress and of the State legislatures, its exercise by the courts is a necessary and inevitable incident of our form of government, and of our written Constitution limiting and controlling the exercise of the powers of government by public officials, and by the several departments of the Government. The validity of the exercise of this power has been unanswerably vindicated by the Court in a great many cases, and its utility and importance have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the subject of extravagant praise and approval by both American and foreign critics of our institutions.

De Tocqueville says of it in his *Democracy in America:*

The Americans have acknowledged the right of Judges to found their decisions on the Constitution, rather than on the laws. In other words, they have left them at liberty not to apply such laws as appear to them to be unconstitutional. I am aware that a similar right has been claimed, but claimed in vain, by courts of justice in other countries; but in America it is recognized by all the authorities.

The power vested in the American courts of justice of pronouncing a statute to be unconstitutional, forms one of the most powerful barriers which has ever been devised against the tyranny of political assemblies.

In *The Federalist*, No. 78, it is said of this subject:

There is no position which depends on clearer principles, than that every act of a delegated authority, contrary to the tenor of the commission under which it is exercised, is void. No legislative act, therefore, contrary to the Constitution, can be valid.

And it is the best expedient which can be devised in any government to secure the steady, upright, and impartial administration of the laws.

In Curtis's *Constitution* we find it stated:

The judicial power of the United States considered with reference to its adaptation to the purposes of its creation, is one of the most admirable and felicitous structures that human governments have exhibited.

In the case of *Marbury* v. *Madison*, 1 Cranch. 175, Chief Justice Marshall vindicated, beyond dispute, the rightfulness of the exercise of this power, its justification and necessity in the following language:

If two laws conflict with each other, the courts decide upon the operation of each. So if a law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case so that the court must either decide that case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution; or conformably to the Constitution disregarding the law; the court must determine which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty. If then the courts are to regard the Constitution, and the Constitution is superior to any ordinary act of the legislature, the Constitution and not such ordinary act must govern the case to which they both apply.

Those then who controvert the principle that the Constitution is to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considered, in court, as a paramount law, are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that courts must close their eyes on the Constitution and see only the law. This doctrine would subvert the very foundation of all written constitutions. It would declare that an act which, according to the principles and theory of our Government, is entirely void, is yet, in practice, completely obligatory. It would declare that if the legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act, notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual. It would be giving to the legislature a practical and real omnipotence, with the same breath which professes to restrict their powers within narrow limits. It is prescribing limits and declaring those limits may be passed at pleasure.

In *Vanhorn's Lessees* v. *Dorrance*, 2 Dall. 304, the Court said on this subject:

But in the United States, if a legislative act impugns a constitutional principle, the former must give way, and be rejected on the score of repugnance. In such case it will be the duty of the Court to adhere to the Constitution, and to declare the act null and void. The Constitution is the basis of legislative authority; it lies at the foundation of all law, and is a rule and commission by which both legislators and judges are to proceed.

Quotations from the decisions of the courts and from commentators on our institutions in support of this power are many, but the foregoing are deemed sufficient. Its exercise by the courts has been recognized and acquiesced in by the country at large, and is now disputed by no one.

Its existence and necessity being established and undisputed, it follows that it must be exercised by a majority of the court unless and until some other number shall be prescribed in and by the same source and authority from which the power is derived, namely, the Constitution.

The present critics of the Supreme Court and sponsors for the bills aimed at curtailing its powers in declaring laws unconstitutional, constantly refer to the five to four decisions of the Court as one-man decisions. Strictly, they are not such, and the statement is demagogic and misleading. A bare quorum in Congress does business. A majority of one in a quorum settles business of vast importance. The President's veto is as much a one-man decision. How do Congress and the Court compare in learning, knowledge, detachment of judgment, comprehensiveness of vision with regard to all important issues? Congress is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maelstrom of politics. In respect to level of intelligence, to fineness of conscience, ideals of service, and fidelity to duty, its grand average is distinctly inferior to the grand average of the Court. It is an historical fact that the people as a rule have placed greater confidence in the Court than in Congress, and the people have been right. The argument that such decisions are one-man decisions was well answered by John W. McAnarney in the Massachusettes Constitutional Convention of 1917, when it was proposed to require a two-thirds vote in the Supreme Judicial Court to declare a statute unconstitutional, to take away from four men of seven the power they had long exercised. He said: "It is not stating it correctly to say that it is a decision of one man that declares an act unconstitutional. It is not the decision of one man; it is the decision of one Judge and three other Judges. It is the decision of four men." Also: "Stripped of all verbiage, this amendment proposes that a minority of two may prevent the court from declaring an act unconstitutional." In the Supreme Court of the nation the point is the same. Five men now determine; under seven to two operation, three men of nine would determine.

Furthermore, the number of bare majority decisions has not been great. In the one hundred and fifty years of our history the average has been one act of Congress declared unconstitutional every three years, and of the total of 50 the number of bare majority decisions has been a little over half. And of decisions holding acts of State legislatures to be unconstitutional the total has been under 300, which is surprisingly small when we recall that the number of State lawmaking bodies has increased from 13 to 48 and that their output is enormous.

If the power of the court to declare an act of the Congress unconstitutional is one of the attributes of its Judicial Power, which, like the powers of the Congress, it derives from the Constitution, then Congress can no more dictate the number of judges that shall concur in such a decision than it can dictate to the Court how it shall decide the case itself. If the foregoing observations are well founded, and I believe them indisputable, a conclusive answer to the unconstitutionality of the bills hereinbefore referred to is that if we admit the constitutional power of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress to require a greater number than a majority of the Court to declare laws unconstitutional, then we logically concede that this power is without limit, and that the Congress can go a step further, which, in its present temper, it would likely do, and take from the Court this power altogether; thereby making an act of the Congress superior to the organic law of the nation, and destroying one of the most valuable and important powers exercised by the courts for the protection of the liberties and the property rights of the citizen.

If the people conclude that a number greater than a majority of the Judges should concur to invalidate laws because of their repugnance to the Constitution, there is but one proper way by which their will may be accomplished, and that is by an amendment to the Constitution, wherein the number shall be definitely fixed, and not left to the whim of Congress.

Just so surely as Congress should be so ill advised as to enact any one of these bills, just so surely will the Court be constrained by its oath of office to declare it null and void as an infringement upon the Constitutional power and independence of the judiciary. Congress should not subject the Court to this embarrassing and unpleasant duty, for it would be taken advantage of by every crack-brained political demagogue and radical in the country to rail against the courts, and denounce the act as one of judicial usurpation, to the detriment of the courts in the estimation of a large class of our people, who are untutored and unthinking.

The integrity, the learning, and the independence of our judiciary must be maintained at all hazards, if we are to escape revolution, and our institutions are to endure. The great John Marshall never uttered a finer or a truer thing than when defending the judiciary in the Virginia Convention of 1829 he said:

> I have always thought, from my earliest youth till now, that the greatest scourge an angry heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and a sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary.

As indicative of the necessity and value of an independent judiciary in our system of government, and because of its impressiveness and authority, I cannot refrain from closing this article with the following quotation from Viscount Bryce's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoughtful and in every way splendid work on *Modern Democracies* (Vol. 2, pp. 384–5); a work that should be read by every one who is interested in popular and efficient government and the future of Democracy. He says:

There is no better test of the excellence of a government than the efficiency of its judicial system, for nothing more nearly touches the welfare and security of the average citizen than his sense that he can rely on the certain and prompt administration of justice. Law holds the community together. Law is respected and supported when it is trusted as the shield of innocence and the impartial guardian of every private civil right. Law sets for all a moral standard which helps to maintain a like standard in the breast of each individual. But if the law be dishonestly administered, the salt has lost its savour; if it be weakly or fitfully enforced, the guarantees of order fail, for it is more by the certainty than by the severity of punishment that offenses are repressed. If the lamp of justice goes out in darkness, how great is that darkness!

In all countries cases, sometimes civil, but more frequently criminal, arise which involve political issues and excite party feeling. It is then that the courage and uprightness of the judges become supremely valuable to the nation, commanding respect for the exposition of the law which they have to deliver. But in those countries that live under a rigid Constitution which, while reserving ultimate control to the people, has established various authorities and defined the powers of each, the courts have another relation to politics, and take their place side by side with the Executive and the Legislative as a coördinate department of the government. When questions arise as to the limits of the powers of the Executive or of the Legislative, or—in a Federation—as to the limits of the respective powers of the Central or National and those of the State Government, it is by a court of law that the true meaning of the Constitution, as the fundamental and supreme law, ought to be determined, because it is the rightful and authorized interpreter of what the people intended to declare when they were enacting a fundamental instrument. This function of Interpretation calls for high legal ability, because such decision given becomes a precedent determining for the future the respective powers of the several branches of government, their relations to one another and to the individual citizen.

ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH SEA POWER

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K. C. B.

I RETAIN a vivid memory of the appearance of the late Admiral Mahan's first Sea Power book, *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*. At the time when it first appeared, I had been working for three years upon the establishment of a Naval Intelligence Department of the British Admiralty. It seems strange now-a-days, but it is a fact that until February, 1887, there was no such department. The British Admiralty in those days had but a hazy general knowledge of the fighting capacity of foreign war vessels, and very little about the resources and defences of the naval bases from which they might be expected to work, if engaged in hostilities. At the same time the War Office could give details of all foreign armies, down to the number of buttons on their soldiers' coats. A Military Intelligence Department had been in existence for some years.

The section of the Intelligence Department with which I was entrusted (as a young subaltern of Marine Artillery) dealt with all foreign guns, torpedoes, and submarine mines, in ships and in coast defences, and "all experiments connected therewith". All armour and electric lights. The fixed and floating defences of all harbours, in the United Kingdom and abroad, which might be useful to the British Navy, and a general knowledge of their resources in fuel and repairing facilities, garrisons, and barrack accommodation. And (as an extra!) "British and Foreign Trade, Defence and Attack." The "section" comprised myself, with no assistants. Writing forty years later this seems scarcely credible. I can account for it only on the theory that the British Fleet of those days was so strong in comparison with other fleets that its fighting efficiency was considered by the Government to be a matter unworthy of their serious attention. Lord (then Lord Charles) Beresford did yeoman service by resigning his seat on the Board and protesting in public against the apathy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in high places. He was a popular figure in Parliament, with a good deal of public influence. With his help the tiny little Naval Intelligence Department was established, in face of much opposition inside the Admiralty, which was finally overcome by outside pressure. From a little department, charged only with obtaining intelligence, it gradually grew into a Naval Staff, charged with every branch of preparing for sea war, and, as we now know, with the executive work of distributing the forces when engaged in hostilities. Also with the coöperation of the other fighting services.

I remember well one remark that was made when Admiral Mahan's first Sea Power book was received. Up to that time Continental Governments, since called "Militarist", had had their attention fully occupied by the development of armies with which to strike each other across their land frontiers. They took little account of the influence, slow though sure, which a great Sea Power could exert, or of the uselessness of armies to lift such pressure, if exerted. The actual remark made in the Admiralty about Admiral Mahan's book was, "Why, he has given away the whole show!" In other words he had made public to the world the creed which, consciously or unconsciously, had influenced the beliefs and life work of British seamen for centuries. He had indeed done so. His Sea Power books were translated into most foreign languages, and Britain was no longer to be left in enjoyment of sea security without serious competition. I propose to note briefly the stages in that competition, which has had a marked effect upon world history, in that it changed the policy of Great Britain, from one of political (not economic) isolation from Continental affairs, to one of foreign alliances or "honourable obligations", such as that which practically bound Britain to the side of France when attacked in 1914, Belgium or no Belgium.

We need only go back for about twenty years to see the vast changes in the relative strength of British and foreign fleets, and the resulting change in British policy.

In 1902, before foreign competition had begun to tell, Britain confidently kept up a Two Power standard in capital ships, with a further large predominance in cruisers and lighter craft. We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were prepared to build against any two Powers, regardless of Flag, and to keep a good surplus in hand for defence of trade in distant seas. We were able to assure the self governing nations in the Dominions that we should be strong enough not only to concentrate a sufficient force to win the battle of capital ships wherever it might take place, but also to conduct an immediate offensive against enemy vessels threatening our interests in any part of the world.

It soon became apparent that an "Any Two Powers" standard could not mean keeping in commission in a state of readiness in every part of the world a fleet of capital ships equal in strength to those of the two Powers that were strongest in that particular ocean or sea. Realising this, we soon withdrew our capital ships from the China Seas, and contracted an alliance with Japan. The following table shows the position in 1907:

DISTRIBUTION OF CAPITAL SHIPS IN 1907

	British	*Next Two Powers*
Home waters and Atlantic	45	40 (Germany and United States)
Mediterranean	7	27 (France and Italy)
Pacific and China Seas	none	14 (Japan and United States)
Total	52	81

All the above vessels were first class battleships, according to the classification then prevalent. Modern battle cruisers, which are to all intents and purposes fast capital ships capable of taking their place in the line, had not at that time been fully evolved. As a measure of other countries' progress in developing sea power, it may be interesting to note that in the same year the total number of their battleships in the world was 98, as compared with the 52 British, distributed as shown above. Britain now owns 22 capital ships, as compared with 76 belonging to other Powers.

Until the German menace began to develop, the distribution of British capital ships had every appearance of having been designed to avert any danger arising from combined action by France and Russia. In 1902, when we withdrew them from the China Seas, Russia and Japan were the only two Powers which kept capital ships in that part of the world; little more than two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years later the Japanese had sunk or captured all the Russian ships and were masters of the situation. Although withdrawn from the Far East, British battleships were still to be found in the Mediterranean.

In 1909 the secret acceleration of the German programme caused uneasiness to the whole British Empire, and a naval and military conference was summoned in London to consult about the situation. The story of that Conference remains to be told. I attended it as adviser to the South African Delegates.

It seemed to many of the delegates who were present that a great opportunity was lost at this British Empire Defence Conference. The interest of foreign nations in Sea Power had then been aroused for twenty years by the writings of Admiral Mahan, and Germany had determined to build a fleet so strong as to be safe to carry out any designs which she might contemplate without fear of interference even by the strongest Sea Power in the world, which was still Britain. A secret acceleration of the process of completing Germany's new vessels alarmed the British Government, and the Dominions were invited to a conference on Empire defence to consider the new situation that was arising. The Cabinet of those days, as we now know from Mr. Churchill's writings, was divided on the subject of making adequate provision for naval defence of the Empire. The Two Power standard of their predecessors was abandoned, and with it all prospect of sustaining, in case of war, the policy which the Admiralty Board of 1902 had described to the Dominions as necessary to the requirements of naval strategy: That the British should be "strong enough to conduct a vigourous offensive all over the world, while, at the same time, concentrating a sufficient force to ensure victory, in the decisive battles, in whatever part of the sea those battles might take place". No clear statement that Britian could no longer maintain this policy was put before the delegates. In fact nothing at all was put before them until the very last minute. We can only assume that it was due to differences of opinion in the Admiralty itself that no memorandum on Sea Power was forthcoming, amending, if it required amending, the well-known memorandum of 1902.

No such statement was furnished to the delegates before leav-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing their own countries to enable them to study the issues at stake during the voyage. Nothing awaited them on arrival in England. Naval defence ultimately found a place on the agenda, but no proposals, statements of policy, or up-to-date information were obtainable from the Admiralty until late in the evening before the discussion took place. Next morning the delegates assembled. They waited for nearly two hours for the First Lord of the Admiralty, who had spent the night in the country and unfortunately had missed his train. The First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) did not attend at all. One of the Dominion statesmen remarked to me afterwards: "These fellows don't mean business." It was not an unreasonable construction, to place upon the proceedings. These matters are not recalled in any critical spirit, but in the hope that the recital of this old story may be of value as a warning for the future. It was a great puzzle at the time. Let us hope the 1923 Conference (being held as this article goes to press) will not follow the precedent of 1909.

It soon became apparent that there could be no general agreement at the Conference on a policy of making adequate provision for Empire sea defence. There had been no time for consideration, or for thought. As a compromise, such delegates as might wish to do so were invited to call at the Admiralty and to discuss matters, and the "Fleet Unit" proposals were then examined; each Dominion Government was invited, if willing, to maintain in the Pacific and China Seas a "unit" consisting of one battle cruiser (*Indomitable* class), three small cruisers (*Bristol* class), six destroyers, three submarines, and auxiliary vessels. Australia accepted this proposal, subject to assistance by the United Kingdom; New Zealand preferred direct contribution; Canada a different scheme of local navies, on a small scale. The South African delegates awaited the completion of the South African Union.

For information about the next beacon, marking the progress of British Naval policy from the days of the Two Power standard to the present time, we must go to Mr. Churchill's revelations. The Japanese Alliance of 1902 resulted, as we have seen, from Britain being unwilling or unable to keep capital ships on the China station. They were required in the Mediterranean.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then, in 1911, a further withdrawal was made, in order to effect a concentration in home waters to meet the German menace. The Entente with France, like the Japanese Alliance, enabled us to withdraw our battleships without serious risks to our own interests, but this policy, as Mr. Churchill has pointed out, had the effect of laying upon us the moral obligation to stand by France, if attacked by Germany. The idea appears to have been that, by 1916, we should again have battleships to spare for the Mediterranean. Meanwhile the intention to withdraw all capital ships was abandoned, and a small battle cruiser squadron was retained. The British policy of concentration in home waters, and abandonment of a strategy involving an immediate offensive against hostile war vessels in distant seas, was first disclosed officially in an Admiralty memorandum to the Canadian Government in 1912. In this memorandum we read that "Great Britain will not in any circumstances fail in her duty to the Dominions of the Crown. She has before now successfully made head alone and unaided against the most formidable combinations, and she has not lost her capacity by a wise policy and strenuous exertions to watch over and preserve the vital interests of the Empire." But—and here we mark the revolution in the views of strategic requirements from those expressed in 1902—the need to defeat the strongest hostile fleet in battle remains unchanged. The difference lies in the abandonment, for need of the necessary resources, of an "immediate offensive" against hostile war vessels in distant seas. This change was disclosed in a pregnant sentence:

> Local superiority consists in the power to send in good time to, or maintain in, some distant theatre forces adequate to defeat the enemy or to hold him in check till the main decision has been obtained at the decisive point.

In that year (1912) and in the "immediate future" the Admiralty told Canada that Great Britain still had the power to send, without courting disaster at home, an effective fleet of battleships (*sic*) and cruisers to unite with the Royal Australian Navy and the British squadrons in the Pacific and China Seas, but a warning was added that this power would be diminished not only with the growth of the German Navy, but also by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simultaneous building by many Powers of great modern ships of war.

This brings us to the eve of the Great War which found Germany with three fast and powerful cruisers outside the North Sea: the *Goeben* in the Mediterranean, the *Scharnhörst* and *Gneisenau* in the Pacific. The British official historian has told the tale of their exploits and the aftermath.

We have dealt with the trend of events affecting British Sea Power up to the Great War. Their study is of value to all who seek the aid of the past in solving the riddle of the future. The German menace at sea has now been removed, and we are no longer faced in British "home waters" with any immediate prospect of having to fight there for our lives or, in the words used by the Admiralty to Canada in 1912, "to defeat in battle and drive from the seas the strongest hostile navy, or combination of hostile navies".

As the First Lord of the Admiralty recently explained in Parliament, the British great concentration in the North Sea lost its meaning with the surrender of the German Navy, and "we shall naturally tend to mass our main fighting strength once more in the Mediterranean, which is the central naval position of our hemisphere". There remains the question of British policy for dealing with the defence of vital sea interests and territorial security in outlying seas. In 1902 the Admiralty considered that an immediate and "vigourous offensive" against hostile war vessels in distant theatres was essential to the requirements of naval strategy. In 1912 the Admiralty foreshadowed a probable future in which the resources of Great Britain would no longer suffice to conduct such an offensive. It is clear to the whole world that that time has now arrived. The First Lord has stated definitely that the "defence of an Empire, spread over all the seas of the world, cannot be sustained indefinitely by one small island in the North Sea". Pending consideration at this year's Conference of this categorical statement, which marks a complete reversal of the conditions which obtained in 1902, and again in 1912, the policy that Britain has now adopted is to provide fuel depots and naval bases in the outlying seas. The heavy expenditure proposed at Singapore has brought this subject to the front.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The depots and bases are needed to secure "complete mobility, East and West, from that central position" (the Mediterranean).

This is the clearest exposition of the situation of British Sea Power which has been issued since the Armistice. But the question arises, mobility of what? Could the British, for instance, spare enough capital ships from the Central position to safeguard their (meaning the whole Empire's) interests in the Pacific, if threatened by Japan? Or by the United States? Or interests on the far side of the North or South Atlantic if threatened by the United States? The answer is obvious, and we do not need to be reminded of Admiral Mahan's dictum that "people often say that such and such an island or harbour 'controls' the neighbouring seas", nor of his comment thereon as "an utter, deplorable, and ruinous mistake". We know well, to quote his words again, that the control of a maritime region depends primarily upon a navy, and only secondarily upon bases, suitably spaced from one another, to enable that navy to replenish and exert its power. Admiral Mahan only put into writing what British seamen have urged upon their nation for centuries.

We left the tale of British Empire conferences before the opening of the Great War. What has happened since? After the victory we at once began to cut down our fleet, and we embarked upon no new building programme. The United States took the place of Germany as the most formidable competitor for Sea Power. We then adopted a One Power standard, the United States being the Power concerned. Whether we were wise in doing so is a matter of opinion. Viscount Grey of Fallodon, in a public speech, deprecated competition with America, and recommended a standard based upon the strength of European fleets. Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, put forward as a formula, "A Navy adequate to secure the safety of our sea-girt Empire and our sea-borne supplies against any reasonable, calculable risk." I ventured myself to suggest a Two Power standard, excluding the United States from our calculations.

The Premiers of the self governing nations decided at their last meeting to defer discussion of the subject of British Sea Power until after the Washington Conference. At that conference the conditions of competition were stabilized, in so far as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capital ships were affected; British equality with the United States in that form of vessel will be accomplished if other nations take the action that we ourselves have already taken upon the agreement. The present position, counting ships *in commission*, is that the United States have a large preponderance in capital ships, cruisers, and destroyers, and nearly a 100 per cent preponderance in submarines. The British hold the lead in light cruisers only. Taking the total number of submarines owned, the United States have 102 compared with 59 British. Japan and Italy have 43 each, and France 41. The United States have also 3 super-submarines under construction, and 6 projected, all to be armed with heavy guns and to have a surface speed of over 20 knots, with a cruising radius of over 5,000 miles. No other country is apparently building such craft, according to published information.

What, then, is the present state of British Sea Power? Exhausted by war effort, and taxed to the limit of our capacity to fulfil our just war commitments, including those to the United States, with little hope of other countries discharging their just commitments to us, we in the United Kingdom are clearly unable to fulfil the conditions of naval strategy as explained to Canada in 1912, and still less to discharge these specified by the Admiralty in 1902, if the United States Navy has to be taken into consideration as ever likely to be hostile; which God forbid. We spent nearly £10,000,000,000 in winning the war. The capital and unpaid interest on our loans to other countries amounts to over £2,000,000,000. We lost about £750,000,000 of shipping and cargoes by enemy action, out of which only about £12,485,000 (at 20 gold marks to £1) has been credited to Germany and debited to the British Empire on Reparation account. We have expended £470,000,000 on war pensions, and our estimated capital liability under this heading is put at £832,000,000. We have expended £400,000,000 upon unemployment, and over £153,000,000 upon mandated territories; £20,000,000 upon occupying Constantinople; £56,000,000 upon a Rhine Army. We have spent about £400,000,000 in liquidating other war commitments, not including those involved in subsidizing housing schemes. Our revenue and our productive capacity have been reduced by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our heavy war losses in our best man power, and by the separation of the Irish Free State from the United Kingdom. Our defence commitments have been increased by the need to maintain a strong air force for home defence and other purposes, and by the extension of our military responsibilities by accepting mandates for wide areas in Asia and Africa.

What, then, is to be the future of British Sea Power? The answer will be furnished at this year's conference, by the representatives of the great self governing nations which have been able to develop in security under its shelter.

GEORGE ASTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARACTERISTICS OF BOLSHEVIK DIPLOMACY

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE six articles, dealing with revolutionary plots in America which were issued by the United Mine Workers of America in mid-September, deserve the most careful study. They are the reply by direct publicity to the secret propaganda of the revolutionary forces which are under the supervision of the Soviet Government at Moscow. These forces, directed by Zinoviev, the head of the Third Internationale, have been working for some time to provoke a revolution in the United States.

So serious did the Labour leaders consider the menace of these foreign elements that they have chosen the American method of publicity to combat the Third Internationale and the Communists in America. Such a Labour challenge to the policies of Moscow suggests other questions. What are the real characteristics of Soviet foreign policy, and what can we expect in Bolshevik diplomacy? Has the time come for American recognition of Soviet Russia? Can we find in the present Russian Government those factors which we can trust and accept?

We can depend exclusively on Bolshevik documents for answers to these questions. Of these there is a multiplicity, for the Soviet authorities have from the outset been almost prodigal in the materials that they have furnished to any serious student of their policies. Furthermore the Soviet press is, to a great extent, an official press; its reports of meetings and of speeches are generally authentic. The Soviet Government has, besides, made use of wireless telegraphy for many of its notes and communications. These wireless dispatches are, therefore, sent broadcast to the world to be picked up even by those for whom they were not intended. If we add to these sources the mass of pamphlets which has accumulated in connection with a Government that has from the first existed largely as a propaganda machine, the apparatus for the study of Bolshevik activi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties has become enormous. Indeed, it is possible at present only to skim and to pick and choose almost at random from the public materials.

In the first place is the fact that the Soviet Government is a government founded on revolution. In this respect it is similar to the Government of the United States. American sympathies have always gone out to peoples who were struggling for their liberties; but the United States has carefully avoided in time of peace any official assistance to revolutionary forces in foreign countries. The Soviet authorities have, on the contrary, a revolutionary point of view. The Third Internationale is the crusading army of the Communist party throughout the world. It is the militant missionary force that preaches the gospel of revolt both in season and out of season. As Trotsky said last April: "We are revolutionists from head to foot; we always were revolutionists; we are that now; and we shall always remain that to the end!"

It is from such a position, such an exposition of first principles, that we can judge of the second characteristic of Soviet foreign policy. This is its opportunism. In part as a connecting link between the revolutionary and the opportunist elements in Bolshevik diplomacy the reader may recall my article in the October issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on *Germany and the Third Internationale.* This opportunist characteristic is well defined by Trotsky in a recent pamphlet. He writes of "the policy of abrupt turns", which may be translated as the policy of opportunism, and says:

> Of the many strategical lessons given us by Lenin we must remember especially well that which he calls the "policy of abrupt turns". That meant—today, on the barricade, and tomorrow, in the filthy stable of the Third Duma; today, a call for world revolution, and tomorrow, a conference with Kuehlman and Czernin, to sign the disgraceful peace of Brest-Litovsk. If the situation has changed, or if we have put a new interpretation upon it, we start a campaign in the West, and we shout "Give us Warsaw!" And if we overestimated the situation, well, then we have the Riga peace, also quite a disgraceful peace as you know. . . .
>
> After that comes the petty, every-day business, and then, lo and behold, from the Ruhr bursts the flame of revolution! Well, is it going to find us different, transformed? Oh, no, my comrades, never! We are not trans-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed; we may change methods and means, but the revolutionary preservation of the Communist party remains our highest aim. We are learning to draw balances, but at the same time we keep a sharp eye East as well as West; and we shall not be taken by surprise. . . . And if the alarm should sound in the West,—something is bound to happen—then in spite of the fact that we may be up to our necks in business problems, calculations, balances and "N. E. P." [the new economic policy], in spite of all this we respond without hesitation and without procrastination.

Furthermore, secrecy and speed are essential in any such policy. Thus Stalin has just given an eloquent defence of "secret diplomacy" as the handmaid of opportunism. He is attacking those who would favor "free speech", "legal guarantees", and "democracy". Naturally Stalin is opposed to these three and says: "But, comrades, now when we are in power . . . I cannot conceive what such a system would bring us to!" And he continues:

We have to bear in mind that in this situation, when we are besieged by enemies on all sides, it is the sudden blow, the unexpected manœuvre, speed, that decides the issue in our favor. . . . What would become of us if we were first to take out into the street such questions as those of war and peace, the most important of all important questions? . . . We would be done for before one could count two.

This powerful statement is in its essence a demonstration of the grip that the "old diplomacy" still has among the leaders of revolutionary, opportunist, Soviet Russia.

In the third place, is the policy of economic retreat, of a partial accommodation with capitalism to accomplish, if possible, the necessary economic restoration of Russia? This "new economic policy" has been in effect, more or less, for rather over two years. Of the details of its working and of its methods the economists can speak better than I. The beginnings have certainly been made toward the restoration of more normal business conditions. As a practical, everyday question in Moscow the effects of Communism seem to be wearing off. In particular the agricultural efficiency of Russia seems to be on the horizon. The chief difficulty has been the lack of capital to secure necessary agricultural machinery. So far, no country and no group of capitalists have been willing to loan money to the Soviet authorities. They have had to pay as they bought. When, at the Hague

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conference, this became evident, it was Boris Stein, the acute, Russian Soviet, economic observer, who wrote:

> Without foreign credits we shall cover the distance to economic prosperity on a passenger train (probably even on a freight train). With foreign credit—on an express train. We are willing to pay for the speed. But if for an express train we have to wait too long, or have to pay an unheard of fare—then Russia will prefer to take a freight truck. The more so since it is used to it.

At present Russia continues to ride on the "freight truck". Aside from the wretched condition of Russian industry the agricultural situation is important. Lenin appealed to the workers to labour with all their might, for famine is still lurking for many hundreds of thousands. Preparation is now made to export a certain amount of grain, and there is much talk of the harvests of 1923 and 1924 as supplying Russia once more with material with which to purchase needed equipment. Russia must above all learn to organize. Lenin said in November, 1922: "We went too fast at first. . . . We were like an army that got too far in advance of its base. To maintain our power and to uphold the success of the revolution we had to remain in touch with capitalism. But," he continued:

> Where we have admitted capitalism we remain its master. There are mixed companies, half state and half foreign or native capitalists, but the State retains control of them and after using them to acquire commercial knowledge can dissolve them when it will. Thus there is no danger in this close association with the capitalist enemy.

It is, of course, this very uncertainty, of which Lenin boasted, that is perhaps the strongest deterrent to the investment of foreign capital in Soviet Russia. There are undoubtedly individual firms that have made profitable deals in the Russian market. There is a great revival of speculation and of local prosperity, especially in Moscow. Slowly the actual practice of Russian business is altering for the better. Above all, the decrease in the misery of the peasant makes possible the improvement of the entire system of Russian life. It is here that there is a chance for the future, for if the export of Russian grain can finance the state, there may be a relative stabilization of money. At the Communist Party Congress in April, 1923, it was apparent that rather than abandon the principle of the revolution and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather than give way to the programme of selling out Russia either wholesale or retail, the leaders would favor a policy of slow self-sufficiency. In such a programme the farmer is king; but the financing, export, and marketing of the harvests are also essential.

In all of this economic policy the crucial fact is the establishment of the necessary economic facilities. For that, however, what are especially needed are better men in Soviet service, better methods, and better faith. The morality of Soviet Russia is its greatest danger. As more practical men come into control, and the inefficiency of Russia becomes less, there is a chance of real improvement. The recognition of the principle of fulfilment of international obligations is, of course, part of this improvement. Certainly the progress of Russia is not dependent on recognition, either *de facto* or *de jure;* it is dependent on the safety of the courts, on security both for lives and property, on honesty, and on trade. None of these can be provided by treaty nor guaranteed by diplomacy. They depend on Russia herself.

When, therefore, Col. Haskell, of the American Relief Administration, states that "Communism is dead and abandoned and Russia is on the road to recovery," he apparently confuses two points. That Russia is slowly on the way toward an economic recovery is undoubtedly true. This recovery, however, is still hampered by the uncertainties of Communism and by its continued existence as formulated in the new civil code that has recently been put forth in Russia. The keystone of the new civil code is stated by Brandenburgsky, a Soviet legal expert, to be the declaration regarding private property. The language of the decree reads:

> The present decree has no retroactive force and grants no right to the former owners whose property has been expropriated on the ground of the revolutionary law before the promulgation of the present decree, to demand the return of their former property.

This means that the civil code itself is dependent on a decree that legalized every step which the Communist leaders in the Soviet Government had taken with regard to property since November, 1917. At another time it may be possible to review the legal aspects of these codes; but at present, by the text of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the decree and by the frequent speeches of the leaders of Communism, it is impossible to believe that "Communism is dead and abandoned". On the other hand, of the immense services of the American Relief Administration every American has a right to be proud. As Col. Haskell finely says:

> Through this service America has not only saved millions of lives, but has given impulse to the spiritual and economic recovery of a great nation, and on our behalf we have created in the assurance of good-will from the Slav races a great inheritance for our children.

The net result of the new economic policy is, therefore, that the progress away from the economics of Communism has not as yet been sufficient to warrant a reversal of policy toward Russia. The uncertainty of her pledges regarding investment is too plainly stated by the leaders of Soviet Russia to give the necessary assurance for the average business man.

There is, in the fourth place, the characteristic of repudiation. The Soviet Government has refused not only all obligations to pay pre-war Czarist debts and war loans, but also advances made to the Provisional Revolutionary Government of March, 1917. The decision to repudiate national debts has gone hand in hand with the appropriation of private property of whatever kind, which was owned both by natives and by foreigners. With this policy as regards natives of Russia the United States naturally has nothing to do. But when the obligations so repudiated are international, the entire basis of international morality and international policy is involved. We can agree with Burke that private property is that "which tends most to the perpetuation of society itself", or with Brissot that "*la propriété exclusive est un vol dans la nature*"; but it is after all in respect to property that the real test comes as to our point of view regarding the Russian revolution.

That revolution resulted, so far as the United States was concerned, in comparatively small loss. It is probable that Russia does not owe the United States more than $233,000,000. In addition are damages due for losses of government property in Russia and a bill for private property seized or destroyed that would bring the grand total up to about $900,000,000. On the repudiation of Russian debts the attitude of the average Ameri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can is much the same as regards all international obligations. He thinks he ought to be paid, but he is willing to wait and, if need be, to scale down. As regards private property he is more particular, in that private property is to him a sacred institution. He agrees with the late President Harding that—

> International good faith forbids any sort of sanction of the Bolshevist policy. The property of American citizens in Russia, honestly acquired under the laws then existing, has been taken without the color of compensation, without process of law, by the mere emission of countless decrees. Such a policy challenges the very groundwork of righteous intercourse among peoples and renders useless the basis of good faith everywhere in the world.

So far the Soviet Government has not shown any intention of settling for these debts. The various statements made at the Genoa and Hague Conferences were entirely conditional. There is in short not a scrap of evidence that the principles of Communism have changed in respect to debts. Chicherin may say that he would like to discuss the matter; but proof of intention is lacking. The fundamental consideration of good faith does not lie necessarily in the complete restoration of property nor in the full payment of debts, but in that restoration of efficiency and morals in Russia which will express the sincere intention of meeting international obligations.

Recently Krassin seems to have discussed the question at a meeting in Moscow. A denial that he advocated the principle of payment of debts has been issued. But something of the sort may have occurred, for in the press reports Krassin's speech is subject to evident censorship. On the contrary, speeches in rebuttal were given with a fair degree of fullness. The result is that the impression exists that the subject was debated and that Krassin was in the minority. Thus the problem of the debts remains as before. One can well doubt, however, whether the Czarist government could ever have eventually paid in full its own obligations. In view of the enormous costs of the war, the destruction of property during the civil wars, and the results of the paralysis of Russian industry and agriculture in recent years, it seems almost impossible that repayment can ever take place except on the basis of a scaling down of the amounts involved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus, even if we confine ourselves to these four main characteristics of Bolshevik diplomacy, its continued support of revolution, its opportunism, its economic uncertainties, and its policy of repudiation, the fact remains that there is little to induce the United States to reverse its present policy. The entire problem of internal Russian policy does not directly concern us. The government of Russia is not our affair, though we may have a lively interest as to whether the censorship of the press continues and as to the character of the new codes. The views of Secretary Hughes as to American requirements for the recognition of Russia are well known. It is, however, worth noting that *The New Republic* has recently commented on them editorially, saying: "These are reasonable requirements. They are requirements that the Soviet republic should have met on their own initiative". With that view I am in general agreement.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INCREASE OF CONTEMPORARY PEOPLES

BY W. RUSSELL TYLOR

MALTHUS, who today is much discussed but little read or understood, startled the world over a century ago by focusing attention upon the problem of population increase, which, as he indicated, surpassed, in its direct relationship to the welfare of human beings and to all forms of social organization, all other problems. Although Malthus was preceded by both Plato and Aristotle in an appreciation of the importance of the population problem, and contemporaneously by Benjamin Franklin and Adam Smith, nevertheless, with the exception of the past decade or so, the century and a quarter that has elapsed since the first publication of the famous *Essay on Population* has added comparatively little of fresh significance to the issues as there presented. It is true that Darwin was partly inspired by the Malthusian theory of surplus population and the ensuing struggle for existence in the formulation of his doctrine of organic evolution. It is also noteworthy that Doubleday and Spencer attempted inadequate theories regarding population and human fecundity. But on the whole the population problem, until quite lately, has either been lost sight of or eclipsed by developments of greater immediate import. So true is this that relatively few today are in a position to appreciate the full significance of a recent statement by Professor Fetter of Princeton, when he characterized the subject of population increase as a problem to which there was none second in importance.[1]

Mankind in the twentieth century finds itself on the threshold of an entirely new horizon. For the first time in the history of the human race have human interests really become world problems. From the standpoint of production and consumption of the basic foods and natural resources the world is already a unit. Politically, the struggle is now on between a unifying

[1] Statement before the American Statistical Association at its Chicago meeting in December, 1922.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emancipating internationalism, and conflicting limiting nationalisms. But beneath, abreast and afore of all class, racial, or national issues, is the situation facing a world of men steadily gaining in numbers, potentially unlimited, whereas the land and natural resources of the globe on which they are dependent for their existence, and that too in the face of increasing standards of living, are very definitely limited and exhaustible.

The present century is therefore witnessing a fresh consideration from manifold angles of the ever growing importance of the problems arising from the growth of peoples. Nor is the problem one alone which concerns the sociologists. While it is true that matters of population have been understood t lie primarily within the sociologist's field, and whereas no one, perhaps, has done more than Professor Ross to bring the issues anew to public attention, nevertheless the scope and complexity of the problems involved far transcend the recognized fields of any one group of scientists. Attention today is being focused on various aspects of the population subject not alone by the sociologists and statisticians, but likewise by the economists, by agricultural economists, particularly of the Bureau of Research of the United States Department of Agriculture, by political scientists, historians, anthropologists, and also by biologists, naturalists, eugenists and the geographers.

One factor of major significance gives this generation an incalculable advantage over all previous periods in dealing with the problems of population. This is the maintenance of fairly accurate records of vital statistics by virtually all of the chief national governments, and of very recent date by the International Statistical Bureau at the Hague, as well as by the cities, States, and various governmental divisions or units of the principal peoples of the world. Although the science of demography —the statistical study of human life—is yet young, the enumeration of the vital facts of marriages, births and deaths has been carried sufficiently far to enable the present generation to be guided by their study and to draw definite conclusions based on the facts of population movements. Of like importance is the growth of the statistical bureaus as a whole of the various countries. These bureaus are becoming increasingly equipped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the facts as to agricultural and other natural products and resources, land utilization, the volume and movement of business and trade, the extent of national and individual wealth and incomes, occupations, classes, etc., as well as the earlier recognized data of population numbers and characters.

The key which unlocks the intricacies of population growth and movements is neither the birth rate nor the death rate, but the excess of births over deaths. This is the rate of natural increase, and signifies the annual excess of births over deaths, that is, the (natural) increase (or decrease if negative) of any people apart from the factor of migration. The rate of natural increase is the difference between the crude birth rate and the crude death rate, respectively defined as the total births and total deaths per 1,000 living at all ages, excluding still births. These crude birth rates and death rates with the resulting rates of natural increase have been analyzed for all the peoples of the globe from whom vital statistics are available, for the most part from the beginning of the last quarter of the last century to date. Publications of the various census bureaus and *The Statesman's Year Book* have been the source of these data.

It will be appreciated that a rise in the rates of natural increase in a given country over a period of years indicates that the birth rate is increasing faster than the death rate, or that the birth rate is remaining constant while the death rate is falling, or else that the death rate is falling more rapidly than the birth rate. Throughout the world as a whole the last circumstance has been the situation during the past fifty years. That is, both birth rates and death rates have fallen, but, owing principally to the growth of medical knowledge and to sanitary and hygienic measures, the death rates have, for the far greater part, fallen more rapidly than the birth rates. As a result the trends of the rates of natural increase in the various countries, although exhibiting marked fluctuations, have on the whole, but with a few outstanding exceptions, tended to increase or else remain virtually constant throughout this whole period.

An analysis of the rates of natural increase for the various countries and peoples falls naturally into two parts. First, their trend up to 1914, and secondly, their trend since 1914. From

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this standpoint the data for England and Wales are especially significant. Since the rates for England and Wales were readily available, beginning with 1841, we can examine their trend over a period of three-quarters of a century previous to the opening of the World War. An examination reveals the astonishing fact that the average rate of natural increase for the forties, 10.2, the average rate for the years 1911–1913, 10.2, and the rate for 1921, 10.3, are the same. This rate alone doubles the population in 69 years, or in a considerably less period of time than that during which it has been maintained and excelled. Throughout the whole period of the war, which however took into account no war casualties except deaths from wounds in the country, the rate rapidly fell to as low as .1 in 1918 when the influenza epidemic was at its height, but it rose even more rapidly at the close and regained its original level at 10.3 in 1921. Scotland's and Ireland's rates of natural increase exhibit a similar fluctuation, only they surpass all former records in 1920. Scotland's 1921 rate, however, maintains more nearly the level of her dominant rate, viz. 12, the average for the period 1886–1905.

This exhibit of the tremendous potency of the population spring when once released from the checks of war and disease is by no means confined to the British Isles. Rather is it characteristic of all the peoples of the world. Although the rate of natural increase for France is and has been by far the lowest of all of the significant peoples, her rebound from the war was greater than England's. Of all the important countries, only Mexico has, so far as we know, a rate lower yet than that of France. In fact, in order to find another rate comparable with that of France in size, we must go as far away as the Mauritius Island, the British possession in the Indian Ocean east of Madagascar. The rates exhibited by British and Dutch Guiana also perhaps approximate France's. These latter low rates are due primarily to relatively high death rates, whereas France's rate is due to a relatively low birth rate. As in the case of England, the trend of the French rate may be observed since early in the last century. The first quoted figure for France is for more than a century ago, viz., 4.6 for the year 1806. The next figure, that of 5.7 for the census year 1831, marks the highest rate France

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has ever realized, so far as any statistics indicate. France's rate averaged .9 for the years just preceding the opening of the war, 1908–1913. During the war, the rate for the 77 uninvaded Departments, not including military deaths, fell rapidly to one of the lowest depths reached by any of the warring countries, viz.,—11.9 in 1918. In spite of this tremendous handicap the rate for all France in 1920, within the boundaries of 1919, shot back to a height of 4.1, which surpassed any mark since the early 'seventies. This however dropped again to 3 in 1921. Thus in the case of France, for over a century the rate of natural increase opens and closes the record at practically the same point, as it did in the case of England. Only France's rate in the interim experienced a depressing sag, closely approaching zero, whereas England's rate experienced a pronounced rise during the same period. The marked lowness of the French rate of natural increase has been due not only to a lower birth rate than that of England but also to a higher death rate.

In marked contrast with France, the German rate more closely parallels that of England. Germany's rate at the opening of the last quarter of the past century was 12.2. Her before the war rate of 12.4 for the year 1913 practically coincided with her opening rate. During the war the German rate, without Alsace-Lorraine, fell almost as low as did the French, reaching—10.5 in 1918. By 1920 it had made the unprecedented spring back to 10.8, after all territory deductions except Upper Silesia—a jump of over 20 points in two years! The rate had risen to 11.2 in 1921, and is evidently approaching the before the war rate, unless interrupted by possible circumstances in view of the French occupation. Germany's before the war rate doubles the population in fifty-two years. Germany has experienced a much higher birth rate than England, but she has also experienced a correspondingly higher death rate.

The rate of natural increase for Austria and the rate for Hungary have paralleled one another, both rising from the opening of the last quarter of the last century to the period just before the war. Of all the warring countries, so far as is ascertainable, Austria's rate fell the lowest and her recovery has been the least. From a rate of–12.6 in 1918 she had attained by 1920 a rate of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but 3.4. And yet this is a gain of 16 points in two years, and is exactly equal to that of France during the same time.

Throughout the major period under consideration the rates of natural increase attained by Roumania and Bulgaria during the period just prior to the opening of the war were the highest ever attained by any country of Europe. (Rates for Poland, Montenegro, Albania, Turkey and Greece were not obtainable.) These rates were respectively 18.4 for Roumania, for the period 1912–1913, and 18.6 for Bulgaria, for the period 1910–1911. In both countries they represented a decided increase over the rates previously recorded, and were sufficient to double the population in 39 years. Russia in Europe exhibits the next highest rate throughout the whole period, viz., 17 for 1911. These rates are all due to excessively high birth rates.

Strikingly, Holland's 1920 rate, 16.3, follows next as a high water mark. The two neutral countries, Switzerland and Spain, while revealing rates decidedly lower than Holland's, nevertheless follow Holland's in their general trend. The three neutral countries, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, show a striking similarity in one heretofore noteworthy particular. The 1920 rate of all three virtually equals their before the war rate.

Thus in all of Europe where the war and influenza waged their greatest havoc among mankind, it is astounding how urging was the flare-back to the norm of population rates of increase, once the checks from this most potent double cataclysm were released.

Australia and New Zealand have exhibited rates of natural increase that are much higher on the average than those prevalent in Europe. In fact it is in the southern hemisphere that we encounter the highest rates of increase in the world. The highest significant rate of natural increase ever attained by any country on the globe throughout the entire period of authentic statistical data was that of New Zealand, 26.6, the average during the decade 1876–1885. However rates above 20 are very uncommon, although they have been attained in several instances during the latter part of the past century in several of the Australian States and recently in some of the Canadian Provinces. The rate for the Australian Commonwealth since 1886 has been al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most as high as that of New Zealand. It was however higher in 1917 and 1918 and stands higher in 1920. New Zealand's record rate, 26.6, doubles the population in practically the proverbial Malthusian generation, in 27 years. Her average rate before the war, 17, for the period 1906–1915, would double her numbers in only 40 years. These high rates of natural increase in Oceania are due not to high birth rates, which prior to the war at least were not so high as many of those of the European countries, but rather to remarkably low death rates, by far the lowest in the whole world.

Japan's rate of natural increase for the past thirty or forty years has been more on a par with the comparatively low European rates as shown by Switzerland and Ireland prior to 1914. It however reached a maximum of 13.1 just prior to the war, the average for the period 1909–1913. Japan's 1921 figure, 12.4, is virtually at the level of before the war. China has never had a real census, and investigations reveal that little reliance can be placed on Chinese census figures, for careful research indicates that China's increase in population since the middle of the eighteenth century has not been very large, because of the deadliness and number of the positive checks, famine, disease, disaster and civil war. It is, however, pertinent to observe that if China should maintain her present birth rate (estimated at over 50 per thousand) while at the same time she should succeed in reducing her death rate to the level of that in England, her population would be over four billions a century hence, or more than twice the present population of the world.

Mr. Harold Cox, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, in the *Asia* magazine for October, 1922, places the population of India at 315,156,000 in 1911 and 318,942,000 in 1921. This represents an absolute increase for the decade of 1.1 per cent, or an average annual rate of natural increase of 1 per 1,000. This rate, although but one-tenth that of England or the United States, prevails among a population three times that of the United States, and on a territory but two-thirds as large. *The Indian Year Book* for 1919 makes the statement (p. 376) that "in India the birth rate is far higher than in any European country; and it is the heavy mortality, especially amongst infants, which checks the rate of increase".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turning to Africa, with the exception of the heart of Africa where a pronounced decrease in population due to the high death rate and overland slave trade is estimated, the increase has been quite pronounced. The best authorities estimate the increase in Egypt throughout the nineteenth century as fourfold, whereas Europe little more than doubled its population. The same is true in Algeria among the Mussulman population of native stock, which increased at double the rate in Europe during the thirty years ending in 1911.

The rates of natural increase for countries in the Americas south of the United States are for the most part high. Argentina's average before the war was 20, a rate which doubles the population in 35 years. Uruguay's average rate for the period 1906–1911 was 18.9. Central American States averaged before the war rates of 21, 19, 17.6, and some of the British insular possessions in the Caribbean Sea 15, 16, and 17 plus. These are all due to high birth rates. Mexico marks the outstanding exception. Her rate of natural increase is apparently at best stationary.

Vital statistics from the eight Canadian provinces furnishing such in late years, but based upon estimated and not upon actually enumerated populations, show varying rates of natural increase. Nova Scotia, British Columbia and Ontario reveal rates since 1911 comparable with those of Europe, while Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have rates more akin to those of the Southern Hemisphere.

The rate of natural increase for the United States, based on enumerated births and deaths, has been statistically available only since the opening of the war. Although the Census Bureau began its annual publication of mortality statistics in 1900, it was not until 1915 that the first birth registration area was recognized. The rate of natural increase in the birth registration area dropped from its highest revealed point of 10.9 the first year, 1915, to its lowest, 6.3, in 1918, but rose again rapidly, in common with the experience of the other countries of the world, to practically its initial level at 10.6 in 1920. This is slightly in advance of the 1917 rate, 10.5, the year preceding the influenza epidemic and our greatest war casualties. It must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

noted, however, that the 1915 birth registration area was the equivalent of 31.1 per cent of the total population whereas the 1920 area constituted 59.8 per cent, much more representative of the country as a whole.

Thus during the period of forty years immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War, crude death rates throughout most of the countries of the world fell, with the outstanding exceptions of Japan and Mexico. Moreover, crude death rates were lower in 1920 than they were at the outbreak of the war, with the important exception of Japan. The death rate throughout the world has steadily fallen since the beginning of the last quarter of the past century. During the period before the war crude birth rates also fell with the exception of Japan and Mexico. However, in 1920 the crude birth rates were either higher than they were at the outbreak of the war, or else virtually back to where they were at the outbreak of the war, with but a few minor exceptions. Although as stated, both the crude death rates and crude birth rates of practically all the countries were falling up to the opening of the World War, the crude birth rates for the most part were by no means falling as rapidly as the crude death rates, and as a consequence the rates of natural increase of the various peoples of the world were increasing from 1876 up to the outbreak of the war with but the important exceptions of the British Isles, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, and Chile. Nevertheless, these countries had either regained or surpassed their before the war rates of natural increase by 1920, so that at present, almost without exception, the rates of natural increase throughout the world are back to where they were just prior to the opening of the war. The rate of natural increase in most countries tends to lie between the limits of 7 and 15 per 1,000. A rate as low as 7 requires close to a hundred years to double a population, whereas a rate of 15 doubles the numbers in less than 50 years.

What is the significance of these rates of natural increase as revealed by as accurate a statistical analysis as is obtainable? G. H. Knibbs, statistician for the Australian Commonwealth, in his prodigious work, *The Mathematical Theory of Population*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published in 1917 as Appendix A to the 1911 *Census of the Commonwealth of Australia*, designates 11.59 to the thousand as the general rate of increase, weighted according to population, for representative countries of the world, for the quinquennium 1906–1911. Our analysis of rates of natural increase would indicate the representative character of such a general rate of increase for the world as a whole, not only for the period just before the war, but for its current growth as well. This rate of increase must be enormously greater than has existed in the past history of the world. If we put the population of the world at the outbreak of the war at 1,649,000,000, at the average rate of increase this number would be produced from a single pair of human beings in only 1,782 years. The above rate of increase for the population of the world as a whole doubles the numbers in 60 years, and gives a population more than trebled in 100 years. In 200 years the population will have increased ten fold, and in 400 years 100-fold. This rate is the equivalent of a 1.59 per cent increase per annum.

That the possibility of tripling the world's population in a century is no mere mathematical conjecture is apparent from what has already been accomplished. If we accept the best reliable estimate of the world's population at the opening of the last century, viz., 640,000,000, and that of today as 1,700,000,000, we see that the world's numbers have been nearly tripled in a century and a fifth. The population of England and Wales at the opening of the nineteenth century, 8,900,000, had increased to 32,500,000 by the opening of the twentieth century, or had multiplied three and one-half times in 100 years. Moreover, the volume of increase per annum in England and Wales in the twentieth century, as indicated by the first decade, was more than ten times the corresponding factor in the eighteenth.

The growth of the British race has been little short of prodigious. The population of Great Britain in 1712 has been estimated at 9,000,000. The United States Census Bureau publication in 1909, entitled *A Century of Population Growth in the United States*, says on page 91: "Great Britain contributed from this small population the stock which formed the larger part of the white population of the United States in 1790, and which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increased by 1900 to approximately 35,000,000. In 1801 the population of the United Kingdom was 16,200,000; by 1900 it had increased to 41,000,000. . . . In magnitude there appears to be no parallel in history for this population achievement of the British race from 1700 to 1900."

The growth of the American people has paralleled that of the British from whom they were primarily descended, although in dealing with the population increase within the United States the importance of the immigration factor has to be considered. The Bureau of the Census, in the above mentioned publication, computes the increase from 1800 to 1900 in the native white stock of continental United States as 694.3 per cent. It continues on page 90: "The largest percentage of increase during the century from 1800 to 1900, . . . for any European nation, was that reported for Belgium—204 per cent. Had the percentage of increase of the native stock of the white population of the United States enumerated in 1800 been only as great as that shown by Belgium, the white population of the United States in 1900 would have (approximated) the white population of the United States in 1880. Thus the greater fertility of the native white stock of the United States as compared with fertility of the countries of Europe showing the largest increase, has resulted in a white population in 1900 which is twenty years in advance of what it would have been if computed on the slower rate of increase shown for Belgium. It would be difficult to suggest more vividly the great fecundity during the nineteenth century of the white population inhabiting the United States in 1800."

The growth of the negro race within the United States, an element that must be classed as distinctively native, has been as striking, the increase from 1800 to 1900 in the native element of the negro population being computed at 663.3 per cent.

Whites and blacks together, then, totalling 5,558,483 in 1800, had increased to 43,749,091 in 1900, an increase of 687.1 per cent or an increase during the century unaided by immigration of nearly sevenfold. During the same time the population of Europe, exclusive of Russia, Turkey and Greece, increased 119.4 per cent, the largest increase shown by any nation of Europe being, as stated, that of Belgium, 204 per cent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During the twentieth century, and particularly during the last decade, immigration as a factor of increase in the growth of the American people has become increasingly smaller. The American increase as revealed by the last census is not caused by immigration but by natural increase. Accessions from net immigration—i.e., the excess of immigrants over emigrants—mounted to approximately 3,733,000 during the decade, or an average of 373,300 a year. Quite apart from this, the accessions due to the excess of births over deaths amounted to approximately 10,000,000, an average of 1,000,000 a year. The total increase for the decade in continental United States was 13,710,842. This is the equivalent of an absolute increase of 14.9 per cent over the population figure for 1910.

Although this last absolute rate for the continental United States is the lowest in the country's history for any decade, need there be cause for alarm when it is realized that this means that we have thus added to our population in ten years a nation almost as large as Mexico, one nearly twice as large as Belgium, and one equal to about five Denmarks? If we go back a decade or two further the growth is all the more striking. Since 1900 the population of the United States has increased by 30,000,000, which in itself is a nation almost as large as France or Italy. Since 1890 it has been increased by 43,000,000, a population almost as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Bureau of Immigration estimated that our net immigration for the ten year period ending June 30, 1908, the period including the peak immigration year of the country's history, 1907, was but 68 per cent of the total alien immigration for the same period. The old immigration, i.e. prior to 1883, consisting for the most part of peoples from the northern and western countries of Europe, was a movement of peoples primarily seeking permanent settlement in this country. The new immigration, that since 1883, of which about 70 per cent has originated in Southern and Eastern Europe, has been dominantly one of advantage seekers or opportunists. Of these a considerable portion, about a third, return to Europe. Therefore the factor of immigration in its immediate effect upon the absolute rate of increase is by no means so pronounced as it might at first appear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rapidity and almost inconceivable extent of the natural growth of the English and American peoples in a century and a quarter is thus revealed, and the superiority of this growth over that of Europe as a whole is briefly indicated. Nevertheless the growth of Europe itself, with its relatively more limited resources, is worthy the adjective "remarkable" for its characterization. O. P. Austin, writing in *The National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1914, says: "The population of Europe in 1772 was only 142,000,000. From 1772 to 1872 the increase was at the rate of about 16 per cent for each 20-year period. Since that time it has been much more rapid; practically 20 per cent in the 20-year period 1872 to 1892, and a 26 per cent increase in the 20-year period 1892 to 1912." And yet this large increase in Europe's population has occurred, as Mr. Austin points out, in the face of heavy losses by emigration. This would seemingly bear witness to the theory advanced that emigration does not retard the growth of peoples from whom the emigrants go, but merely offers room for their expansion through natural increase.

There is yet another very important phase of the growth of the European peoples which Professor Walter F. Willcox of Cornell University has in particular developed.[1] He terms this secondary forms of European expansion, of which he designates three, viz.: 1) the increase among emigrants from Europe who have left that continent; 2) the increase among native peoples who have fallen under the control of some European nation; and 3) the increase among independent native peoples who have imitated the civilization of Europe. He advances the view, well supported by statistical evidence, that "in the expansion of Europe the primary phenomenon seems to be the increase of population".

In spite of the secondary influence of European civilization on other peoples, the white race throughout the world, as the analysis of rates of natural increase would clearly indicate, is increasing much more rapidly than either the yellow or the black. With the exception of the French and the Irish, practically no white peoples today are increasing at a less rate than 10 to the

[1] Walter F. Willcox, *The Expansion of Europe in Population, American Economic Review*, December, 1915.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousand. The Chinese increase slowly if at all. The natives of India reveal relatively low current rates. The Japanese are not increasing faster than the white races, although the Japanese rate of natural increase is advancing. The black race is increasing rapidly only in this country and in the West Indies, not in its native Africa as a whole. It is thus evident that the white race is on the road to numerical domination. Furthermore, since the population achievements of the British and American peoples far transcend those of the rest of the white race, the responsibility of leadership and control of world affairs rests with the English speaking peoples.

Taking the world as whole, it becomes evident, historically, that the nineteenth century and the twentieth century to date not only characterize an epoch of population growth without parallel, but they create an utterly new phenomenon of population achievement which is comparable only to the growth of capitalistic industry during the same period.

Two major questions assert themselves in the light of the data thus revealed. Professor East of Harvard, after a careful study of potential world agricultural resources, places the maximum population the earth can support at a little over 5,000,000,000. If so, the time when this figure would be reached at the present rate of increase is not so far distant but that our grandchildren may live to see it. This is the quantitative aspect.

The other is the qualitative aspect, and arises in connection with considerations of the type of people who are contributing most to the natural increase. Other studies would indicate that it is the dependent unskilled classes that are increasing at the very pronounced expense of the independent, capable, and professional classes. Combined, these two questions are not only inescapable but constitute a problem veritably second to none in any consideration of the ultimate welfare of humanity.

W. Russell Tylor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW LONG CAN THE FARMER HOLD OUT?

BY R. L. HOLMAN

I DO NOT suppose there has ever before been so much tillable land abandoned and left idle on American farms as a survey of this situation would disclose today. In riding up and down the public roads and highways of rural districts all over the country, one can see field after field growing up in rag weeds, indigo weeds or other weeds peculiar to the locality. In some cases, briers, bushes and brambles are forming a mass of tangled growth, showing that the land has been forsaken by its owner for a number of years. It would be difficult to give an accurate statement as to the amount of tillable land that has thus been turned out within the last three years, but rough estimates given from over the country show that the idle acreage of this kind will vary from five thousand to thirty thousand acres for each county making the report. I note, in scattered instances, that entire farms of hundreds of acres have been abandoned by their owners until such time as conditions will permit their placing them again on a profitable basis of operation.

These conditions are more or less pronounced according to the locality, but they are very much in evidence in some of the best farming sections of the country, and much of the land thus left idle is capable of producing crops far above the average.

Yet, in spite of the fact that such a large percentage of our productive land is lying idle, and notwithstanding the fact that the producing land that remains is on the average becoming less productive, we read continual reports to the effect that there is surplus of farm products, a supply that far exceeds the demand. These reports are given as a reason for the low prices farmers are receiving for their products, which in a large majority of cases are far below the cost of production. In fact, there have been a great many things happening to this law of supply and demand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within the past three years that farmers do not understand. The things they have observed in this connection are causing them to do a large amount of thinking. The amazing growth of the Farm Bureau and the results of recent elections are indicative of the fact that much of this thinking is crystallizing into action.

One of the things over which the farmers are puzzled at the present time is, why wheat is selling for less on the market than it has for any time within the last five years, and yet this price is not reflected in the cost of flour. They do not understand why many mills are buying the best grade of wheat at ten cents less per hundred pounds than they are selling bran, the cheapest by-product of this cereal.

In this connection, in order to set forth as fully as possible the condition of the farmer, I wish to review a few facts that may be of interest to both farmer and consumer. In doing this, I shall not try to place the responsibility for these conditions, but simply to state facts as they stand.

The low price of wheat is at the present writing the greatest factor in drawing public attention toward the condition of the farmer. It being the point of greatest immediate interest, we are likely to lose sight of the depressed market condition of other farm products. The eight principal items, toward which the large majority of American farmers devote their energies, are wheat, corn, oats, cotton, dairy products, beef, pork and poultry. We will endeavour to take up each one of these items and note a few of the changes made in prices from producer to consumer, and a few of the conditions contributing to such changes.

Mention has already been made of some of the things happening to wheat and wheat products after the grain leaves the farmer's hands. There are some other things to be mentioned in connection with the handling of this cereal before it is delivered to the consumer in the finished product. The farmer after raising the crop has to cut it with a machine which costs him on the market a very little less than a cheap automobile, and for which he has no use for more than three or four days of each year. He then has it threshed, paying the thresher owner a toll varying from one-eighth to one-twelfth of the crop, beside a number of other expenses in connection with this operation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He then hauls it to the mill, or sells it to an intermediary who has it ground. At present quotations, the miller would pay him ninety-six cents per bushel. The miller then grinds it and afterward sells the flour, shorts and bran from this bushel of wheat for about two dollars. The farmer's ninety-six cents will buy back less than half of the bushel of wheat he sold the miller after the miller has ground it. In other words, after paying a threshing toll of one-tenth, he pays the mill owner another toll of more than one-half of his remaining wheat for the mere process of grinding. If a mill cannot profitably grind a crop of wheat for less than one-half of it, and many of them loudly protest that they cannot, how can a farmer furnish the land and spend nine months raising this cereal, incurring all the expenses incident to growing and harvesting the crop, for the other half?

Corn, the next item on the list of principal crops, does not have quite the depressed market value as has wheat. Yet the present price is only one-half the average war price, while practically all the expenses of producing the corn crop are close to the war level. Then, too, a corn crop is exceedingly hard on the soil, which depreciates rapidly in the growing of it unless much expense is incurred in keeping it renewed. A toll ranging from twenty-five to fifty per cent is what the miller gets for grinding and selling the product.

As oats are used almost exclusively for feed, there are not many changes of hand on this product after it is harvested. It is either fed on the farm on which it is produced or finally sold to other farmers. The market value of this grain is usually so low that there is now no inducement to grow it except to fill out a crop rotation.

The farmer who raised a cotton crop last year and escaped the boll weevil ravage and other destructive forces, may be said to have made some money. However, one can not jump to the conclusion that the average cotton farmer made money, for he did not. The havoc wrought by the boll weevil, red spider and army worm ruined the crops of a vast number of farmers growing this staple, and the shortage thus caused was the largest factor in raising the price. The great risk that the producer incurs from these pests, which scientific research has as yet found no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way effectively and economically to control, would justify his getting a better market. Another very decided reason for a better market for the raw cotton is the increase this staple undergoes in price from the cotton grower to the consumer of cotton products. Cotton mills, manufacturing cotton goods, declared in the early part of the present year dividends running above one hundred per cent. I personally know of one such mill that declared a five hundred per cent dividend.

Dairy products, which occupy the next place on our list, present a problem which has been the occasion of much strife between producer and dealer. The price paid the producer for whole milk varies according to the city where marketed, but in order to get a reasonable idea as to the marketing situation over the country, I will take the price prevailing in a certain Southern city I have in mind, which according to figures compiled by government reports, I would consider to be an average. Dealers in that city purchase milk from dairymen at an average price of twenty-five cents a gallon. This milk is pasteurized, bottled and sold for sixty-four cents a gallon. As the milk produced in that section will average five per cent butter fat test, and the city requires only a three and one-half per cent, the dealer has the privilege of removing enough cream to bring it down to the lower test. Thus the dealer has a spread of two hundred per cent on which to pay expenses of delivery to consumer and to pay himself a profit. As to the expense of producing dairy products, it is impossible for the dairyman to figure himself a profit under present conditions of operation and at the current prices paid for his product.

Beef products are quoted on the market at prices ranging from one cent to seventeen cents a pound. Persons observing the higher quotations are misled as to the prices the producer receives. There are far more cattle sold nearer the lower quotations than are purchased around the higher mark. Although two cents is the price the market quotes for canners, there is a large number of cattle going on the market graded as canners that would in former times have been graded close to tops. Cuts of steak from a two cent beef sell at forty cents a pound in most of our city markets. As a beef will ordinarily gross

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one-half in slaughter and dressing, a butcher or packer could sell a two cent cow at an average of four cents a pound and get enough to pay the purchase price of this beef on foot. The difference between four and forty is what he allows himself for overhead and profit. The loss the producer incurs in raising beef and selling it at two cents a pound, or even at the majority of prices he obtains above these quotations, is so apparent that it needs no argument here.

According to experiments made by agricultural colleges, only in exceptional cases can hogs be produced at prices now prevailing. As corn is the principal item entering into pork production, it is interesting to note that, according to their reports and reports of hog producers, corn at a dollar a bushel would have to produce ten cent pork in order to give the owner a reasonable profit. Hogs for some time past have been bringing producers an average of seven cents. The spread between the producer and consumer of this product varies, very much as in the case of beef.

A glance at the market quotations on poultry will show that these products of the farm are also being sold at before-the-war prices. As the farmer's margin of profit was narrow enough at that time to be uncomfortable, one can readily see that profit in poultry under present conditions is an unknown quantity.

A close study of the quotations on these eight farm commodities, from which about nine-tenths of our farmers derive their income, will of itself be sufficient to explain why so much of our productive land is lying idle, and why the present agricultural conditions exist. Many farmers, after three years of gruelling hardships brought about by these conditions, are seeking employment elsewhere. The revival of activities in industrial centres has added much impetus to the migration from the farm to the city. A glance for a moment at wages received by unskilled labour in the cities and other labour there requiring only a short apprenticeship, as compared with the income of the average farmer, will remove the fog from our minds in regard to some of the dissatisfaction manifested by the man of the soil.

It would take all the yearly income from a two hundred acre wheat farm, taking average acre production and present quota-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions on wheat as a basis, to equal the annual income of a plumber in New York City, allowing him only two hundred and fifty work days and one hundred and fifteen days of idle time between jobs.

On this basis of computation it would take the proceeds from the sale of a hundred acres of corn to equal the annual income of a New York bricklayer.

A farmer who derived his income from growing oats would have to sell the annual product from a three hundred acre farm before he could get enough money in hand to equal the income of a paper hanger, in one of our larger cities.

It would require the annual proceeds from the average acre production of a hundred acre cotton farm to reach the yearly remuneration enjoyed by a skilled mechanic in a number of our industries.

If the first three crops named, that is wheat, corn and oats, were fed on the farm for the production of live stock or dairy products, the annual farm revenue would be about the same as when these grains are sold off the farm direct. Where there is a profit in feeding grain to one class of live stock, there is a loss in feeding it to another, so the average prices received for grain marketed either directly or through the medium of live stock, remain about the same.

These figures of comparison become more staggering to the mind when we realize that the incomes enjoyed by the plumber, bricklayer, paper hanger and mechanic are all net, while those accredited to the farmer are gross. The remuneration enjoyed by the four classes of labour named may be devoted entirely to living expenses, while the income received by the man on the farm must first pay all operating expenses, including labour, machinery, taxes, insurance, depreciation on buildings, upkeep of fences, and many other items, before he can begin to lay aside anything for living expenses. Furthermore, the farmer has an average investment of about $15,000 on land and equipment on which he must earn interest in addition to the other items named above. The labourer has nothing invested save possibly a few dollars in hand tools. Again, the labourer as a rule earns his compensation in an eight hour day. The farmer, many days of the year, works from daylight to dark, and must be on the job

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three hundred and sixty-five days of the year to keep all of his corners up. The man operating a farm must also be a good mechanic, carpenter, soil analyzer, weather prophet, and a good many other things, in order to be a good farmer.

When we view these conditions, is it surprising that farmers are becoming disgusted and are seeking the more remunerative work of the industrial world? The farmers are blue. In the deflating of values following the war they saw their own products crash and hit the bottom before other prices began to show any tendency to decline. Within the past year they have seen wages and commodities they have to purchase soar again to near the peak of war prices, and still the quotations on their products show very little tendency to stir from the depths to which they were sent in the decline of three years ago.

Needless to say, this has placed them in a perilous position.

A great number of them have already seen the savings of a lifetime swept away by being compelled to turn their mortgage-ridden farms over to their creditors. To others, who are still holding on, the approach of the annual interest or tax pay-day is a nightmare.

Since agriculture is the fountain head of all other industries, this country cannot long look with indifference on the distress of its chief business activity. I believe the situation can be relieved to a large extent by narrowing the wide spread of prices between the producer and the consumer of agricultural products in favour of both. I believe this can be done without materially damaging any of the distributors of these products after they leave the farm.

R. L. HOLMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRES OF CONQUEST

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

An Englishman traveling in America in 1795 observed that the making of rifles and ammunition was almost as much of a household industry as homespun or applejack. He wrote: "That the rifles are not of uniform length or bore is of no consequence, for every man cuts and casts his own bullets." Armament was then a matter of home industry and of local handicraftship. The husbandmen or their good wives simply heated the lead over the fire and poured it into the bullet moulds. The local blacksmith or wheelwright made their muskets, or at least most of them were made by the hands of simple artisans living nearby.

Now, when you stop to think of it, armament was a relatively simple affair from the dawn of history to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The soldier's weapons were so simple that he or a small class of local artisans could make them. The inlaid armor and the Toledo blades we now see in the museums were the *chefs d'œuvres* of famous craftsmen; but even in the days of knighthood the local armorer was the soldier's main reliance, and he probably shod a horse or mended a wheel with equal facility. So, to our modern way of thinking, when the soldier took the field in any century before the nineteenth he was singularly self-reliant. He simply went to the wars; he left no munition contracts behind him. He took some armorers and commissaries with him on campaign, and they attended to the few wants he himself could not satisfy.

Furthermore, except for migration and the fighting hordes of nomadic barbarians, relatively few soldiers went to war in those old days. Great armies could not be fed. The tin can, that simple invention which has so changed life, had not yet arrived. Nor had transportation developed beyond the horse and the sail. Even if great armies could have been fed, they nevertheless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have died, for preventative inoculation and sanitation were as yet unknown.

The result was that, until quite recently (as epochs go), wars did not greatly disturb their times. Soldiers sacked and pillaged, it is true—their manners were atrocious, even judged by some modern instances—and war was often very hard indeed on the conquered. But wars have always been hard on the conquered, in one way or another. The point is, that in the old days a relatively small part of the people were involved and the needs of the armies were so simple that they asked but little from the nations at war.

Then came the age of invention and development, the so-called Industrial Age. It began about 1760, with the invention of the flying shuttle and the introduction of coal in smelting. At first slowly, then more and more rapidly, man learned to use machines. Science opened to him possibilities of power and efficiency which completely altered all the conditions of life. Mechanics, chemistry and electricity gave him transportation and luxury, production and destruction.

War changed with life. The soldier lost his simplicity. He no longer makes war in small groups. He is very complex and very numerous. Transportation, sanitation, and the preservation of foodstuffs in compact containers enable him to fight in armies of millions. Machines scientifically linked into quantity-production give him great numbers of most efficient and complicated weapons. Compare the old hand-moulded musket ball with the modern rifle bullet, a missile no soldier could make for himself, for its production requires the blending of four metals, the most delicate machinery, and a score of different processes. The modern infantry rifle could not have been made by an old armorer in a lifetime. And if you contrast the old brass Napoleon with the modern field howitzer, or Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar with the U.S.S. *Maryland*, you get even more startling results, both in complexity and in efficiency.

Yet each weapon represented the highest battle efficiency of its time. The soldier's contention for battle efficiency has been perfectly consistent and perfectly sound. He has said ever since weapons were invented, and he continues to say: "If you go to war, you must put forth your maximum power." This is unan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swerable common sense. So long as war between powerful nations is possible, critical situations will arise in which property, life, honour, and perhaps even national existence are at stake, and the nations involved must put forth their maximum power. The alternative is disaster and perhaps ruin. That is war.

But the modern nation in arms is not primarily an invention of the military mind. It is simply the old maximum power demanded by the essence of war, enlarged by the progress of the Industrial Age. The European system of compulsory service and the American draft, for instance, are simply those means which bring forth scientifically and easily the man-power which modern progress allows as the maximum usable in war. Industrial mobilization (a new term in our military dictionaries) is simply the best means of converting rapidly mechanical peace-production to war-production. Formerly the maximum power usable in war was a very small part of the nation's total energy. Now it is a very large part, for machinery has enlarged, complicated and made more efficient all human activities, including war.

Neither Napoleon nor Moltke nor Foch brought this about. Watt did it with his steam engine, and Lavoisier with his chemical balances, Faraday with his dynamo and Maudslay with his machine lathe, and innumerable others who invented and developed that man might have power in his peaceful pursuit of happiness. Gustavus and Frederick would have fought with larger armies had they been able to feed them, and they would have put their people to work in munition shops had they had the tools. But they lived in more simple and primitive days.

Science made the Industrial Age; and the Industrial Age, with its extraordinary efficiency and productivity of machines, has made war's constant demand for maximum power nearly equivalent to the maximum energy of the warring nations. Modern transportation sends millions of men into the field, and combines with the modern food factory to keep them there. Modern machines shops and chemical plants drain the country still further of men and materials, that the troops and fleets may have munitions in quantity. Clothing factories do the same, that the men may be clothed. There is hardly an industrial plant that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not contribute. And the farmer, the rancher and the miner must work the harder to support the increased activity and fill the gaps.

The point is that all this is inevitable—so long as we have war. Inevitably war demands the maximum power of the nation. Inevitably efficient machines will convert most of the nation's energy into war power. And the more efficient our machines become, whether they be machines of transportation or of the farm, the mine or the factory, the more they can—and will—serve war. The nation fights now only in part with its rifles and its cannon. The great weapons are the machines of peace—machines of every description, diverted to war. And more and more this must be so as man seeks out his many inventions.

Look for a moment at the aeroplane, with its guns and bombs. Suppose this combination becomes what apparently it is bound to become, the fist of war. Armies and navies will then be the body behind the fist, the weight behind the blow. They will back and follow up the blow, occupy territory, cut communications and clinch the victory. But they themselves will no longer be the striking force. If this should come about, it will be only a further industrialization of war, and one naturally to be expected. Commercial aviation must be developed, and so must commercial chemistry—fertilizers and explosives. But in developing them we are at the same time developing enormous destructive forces, and concentrating them, not in physical man but in machines and chemical combinations. In this world the Creator has inseparably interwoven the good with the bad, the productive and the destructive. The secrets of nature yield us power; but only on condition that it be a two-edged sword, that with more abundant life we shall also receive into our hands destructive force. So while we industrialize peace we also industrialize war, and concentrate ever greater physical power—which we may use according to our intelligence.

Now, what does the industrialization of war mean to the world, and what will it mean in the future?

First, a progressively disruptive effect on civilization. If you assume that the Industrial Age will continue, one of two things must happen: Either war must be eliminated from human activities, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else civilization must be rent more and more by future wars. For the more war becomes industrialized, the more destructive will it become to all industry. Peaceful economic competition and war now use much the same tools, the one for production, the other for destruction. More and more will war divert peaceful industries from their proper channels of production and turn them into channels of destruction. As it reaches out further and further into every strata of human activity, it disrupts normal life more and more, turns more men and machines into new and violent paths, inflates and weakens finance, and makes to its foundations that complicated system of order thought and action which we call civilization.

You have but to look about you in the world to-day to see this. The effect of modern war on a large scale is all too obvious, but it is sometimes forgotten that the disruption and demoralization, the great difficulties we are now having to get back to the normal, are inevitable consequences of war in an industrial age. Quite apart from the destruction of life and property of which modern weapons are capable, machine-made war has a disruptive effect on civilization which no previous form of warfare has had since the barbarian migrations—the effect which comes from reaching out and violently disrupting the lives of nearly all men and women and diverting their machines from their normal usages. Can you picture in your imagination some sort of an earthquake which could shake, not only the foundations of your house, but each separate brick and beam as well?

And as war becomes more and more industrialized, as it becomes able to call on a still larger proportion of the energy of the nations, civilization must bear an ever-increasing shock.

The industrialization of war should tend, however, to make wars less frequent, even if they are not checked by positive measures of pacifism. The outlay, not only in lives and money but also in energy, is increasing enormously. Not only that, but the tendency of the times is toward democracy as well as toward industrialism. Industrial democracies cannot look on war as did the old aristocracies, supported by their peasant farmers and simple artisans. It is the difference between the wars of professional soldiers who could be sent out to fight without greatly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disrupting the country, and modern wars of nations in arms in which practically everybody must turn to and help. Furthermore, in democracies everyone has some voice in the decision to war. Majorities may not be less bellicose than were the small minorities of autocracy, but they have fewer foreign ambitions and foreign problems in which they are interested to the point of being willing to go to war—to go to war themselves, not merely to send out their professional soldiers and sailors. They are inclined to weigh the matter of war more carefully.

Motley in his *Dutch Republic*, draws a graphic picture of those days when wars were lightly made, without thought of public opinion:

> It would no doubt have increased the hilarity of Caraffa, as he made his triumphant entry into Paris, could the idea have been suggested to his mind that the sentiments or the welfare of the people of the great states now involved in his meshes could have any possible bearing on the question of peace or war. The world was governed by other influences. The wiles of a cardinal, the acts of a concubine, the snipe-shooting of an ambassador, the speculations of a soldier of fortune, the ill temper of a monk, the mutual venom of Italian houses, above all the perpetual rivalry of the two great historic families who owned the greater part of Europe as their private property—such were the wheels on which rolled the destiny of Christendom. Compared with these, what were the great moral and political ideas, the plans of statesmen, the hopes of nations?

Times have changed since then.

Another consequence of the industrialization of war is that it has become much more vulnerable. It is increasingly difficult for a nation or a group of nations to start a war for a definite object and to press it home. The Industrial Age, and all it has meant in finance, transportation and communication, has brought about an interlocking of interests among the nations. The world has become sensitized to the shock of war. The aggressors in a war are no longer sure that they can deal only with the one nation or group they attack. The drawing in of other nations quite outside the original quarrel is a tendency which inevitably results from a violent disruption of the modern network of delicate international relations.

To outside interference, machine-made war is particularly vulnerable. This is because of attrition. Energy and materials,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life and morale, are expended with great rapidity in modern war. This cannot be kept up indefinitely. The time factor pinches. Successful war must be short and sharp; and if the carefully thought out plan is deranged, if the sequence of prearranged events is checked by outside intervention directed against the aggressive belligerent, more and more of the coins of war must be expended by him. Attrition becomes the dominant factor, and the hope of profit by conquest vanishes.

Attrition particularly affects the "sinews of war". Financing international war on the modern scale is both a gigantic and a delicate task. On top of a gold reserve there must be a great paper currency—not a money value, but a sign of money value. On top of that there must be a still greater paper credit—merely the sign of a sign, sensitive, unstable. And this inverted pyramid, resting on its narrow base of gold, must be built upward in war by the inflation of its upper layers of paper money and credit, and so become still more unstable just when it has to bear the shock of war.

Put in another way, the equilibrium of war has become much more delicate. War has ceased to be self-sustaining. Outside intervention can nullify a conqueror's plans much more effectively than in the age of simplicity, because these plans have to be drawn on a much narrower margin of time. Conquest is more easily stifled.

And the essence of war has ever been conquest. One side or the other always has a political aim which it intends to impose on people beyond its borders; and it makes not the slightest difference whether that political aim be good or evil, whether it be the destruction in which Jenghis Khan gloried or the liberation of Cuba for which we fought in 1898, it is to be gained by conquest or not at all. International war is but the military expression of an intention to impose political will upon a foreign people, reacting against military resistance to that intention. Never was there a war fought wholly for pure motives of defense, without intention on either side to impose its political will upon the other. Nor will there ever be such a war. So if war's function be reduced to defence only, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. And this is exactly what can be done in these days of complicated, exhaus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive and delicately balanced warfare. The balance can be destroyed, conquest rendered impossible, and the heart cut out of war.

Modern war is also vulnerable from still another point of view. One of the many complications imposed by the Industrial Age is that only industrial nations can make modern munitions, and no industrial nation (except the United States and perhaps Japan) can feed itself. Furthermore, modern munitions demand in quantity certain metals found only in limited areas and in distant parts of the world—manganese from India, Russia or Brazil, for instance, nickel from Canada or New Caledonia, tungsten from China, Bolivia or the United States. Some important chemical bases are also far flung about the map. The drawing in of these essential raw materials to the limited industrial areas which can convert them into war munitions creates arteries which can be cut. Here, again, complicated modern war is vulnerable to an extent unknown in the older days. Intervention by outside air or sea forces, especially, may seriously cripple the war-making power of any nation.

Recognizing this latter weakness, many pacifists have proposed to prevent war by international agreements to boycott belligerent nations. This would certainly be a better plan than our present doctrine of neutrality. What neutrals now do, in effect, is to feed the flames of war with the oil of war supplies—loans, raw materials and even actual munitions. But cutting off these supplies by boycott would still leave the belligerent nations free to fight with what weapons and supplies they had, and with all the advantage on the side which had foreseen and planned for the war—generally the aggressor.

It must not be forgotten that the industrialization of war inevitably concentrates war power in the industrial nations. But war power is the power of imposing political will upon other people. Political will may conceivably take almost any form. If it takes the form of will to suppress war, then we have the power to suppress war concentrated in the industrial nations—not alone through their ability to deny to the warring nations certain munitions of war, but much more through their actual physical power to crush war. Their sure way to crush it is to apply, or at least

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be prepared to apply, sufficient physical force to stop the war and to deny to the warring nations any war gains. This would not necessarily require great armies and navies held ever ready, but it would require an unmistakable will to use force—and "force without stint", if necessary—that war might be deprived of any material success.

Modern war has its weaknesses, but it cannot be attacked with success by so emasculated a plan as that of the boycott. Back up the boycott with positive will on the part of certain outside powers to intervene if necessary in order that there may be no gain from the war, no conquest in any form, and the effect would be paralyzing. If the will to intervene were evident, the boycott alone would probably stop the war, not because the supplies boycotted from both sides were essential to the continuance of the war, but because the hope of some political gain is always essential to one belligerent at least. Conquest in some form is the basic motivation of war. Only by making conquest impossible, by depriving war of any ambition beyond that of self-defense, can the world be rid of it.

But there must be no question about the elimination of positive gain from war if war itself is to be suppressed. No positive gains should be permitted to accrue to a nation as a result of war on the theory that that nation will see, in the long run, that such advantages do not pay. Most of them do pay, as a matter of fact. And it is not a question of the long run. A nation goes to war to gain some right or aim which it thoroughly believes it should or must have. If it can win and retain the end for which it fought, it may well regard the passive (and passing) displeasure of the world, or the world's opinion that such things do not pay, as unfortunate, but of little consequence.

War is virile, elemental, real. It cannot be frowned down. It cannot be shunned or boycotted out of existence. But it can be robbed of any positive political gain, negatived, stultified—and so eliminated.

The crux of the matter is that war is still admittedly a human agency capable at times of getting certain results, of imposing one people's will, for good or for evil, upon another. In short, war "gets away with it". War will disappear from the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and its affairs when the will-to-peace in the industrial nations, the nations to which power is given, crystallizes and acts along lines which will prevent war from getting away with anything.

* * *

"Facts differ incredibly from all theories," said a witty Frenchman, indulging in a bit of exaggeration for the sake of a clear-cut phrase. Let us take the hint, however, and see what we have in the way of commonly accepted facts.

Certain methods of human competition have been suppressed by the opposition they have brought down upon themselves; slavery, for instance, and the more flagrant forms of dishonesty in private dealings. For some time past, the suppressive opposition to these methods has far outbalanced any possible gains that might be derived from them.

War, of course, is but one method of international competition. It is resorted to when a nation determines to impose its will upon another in order to gain some political end, worthy or unworthy, which cannot be gained by peaceful methods. There is no other conceivable motive for a resort to arms save defense, and defense is only reaction to attack.

It is also evident that people make war with the idea of winning it. Now the problem of winning a war has been studied by many men in many lands for many centuries. Their accumulated experience establishes the fact that to win one must strike out, must possess oneself of enemy forces or nerve centres or bases of supply, must break down enemy resistance by aggressive action. The wars that are won by staying at home and fighting only on the defensive are in reality only failures of the offensive, victories of attrition. To the present generation it must be equally clear that modern war is vulnerable because attrition now tears into the vitals of warring nations to an unprecedented degree. Witness Germany, Austria and Russia.

It is therefore safe to say that we can count on these facts: That certain methods of human competition have been suppressed, that international war is made to gain a political end, that aggressive action is necessary to win the war and so to gain the end, and that attrition cuts into modern war power very heavily.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Add to these facts a supposition: Suppose a group of industrial nations (which means potentially powerful military nations) determines that no war in which any one of them may be involved as a belligerent shall result in the gain of any political end whatever. Is it not evident that such a war could be suppressed by that group of nations, taking advantage of the fact that modern war is vulnerable because of attrition? They would have only to use their power to block or cripple any major offensive by either belligerent, and so prevent either side from winning and holding a dominant position which would enable it to impose its will and gain its end. Attrition would do the rest. The discouraging effect on war would be enormous and accumulative.

Is it not, in fact, rather more evident that, under this supposition, such a war would rarely if ever occur, simply because of the evident impossibility of gaining the end which might justify the war?

Now let us test this theory of war suppression against the outstanding facts of the World War. The old fires of conquest broke out in Central Europe in 1914. (Again I use "conquest" in the only sense that expresses its full meaning—the imposition by war of political will upon foreign people.) That conquest was nullified, that imposition of will frustrated by a gradual accumulation of superior military power. We attained the great aim for which we fought. We smothered those fires of conquest. That fact stands—will stand for all time. But we can never look at it without seeing the other side of the shield.

We suppressed a flagrant, violent outbreak of war. But we did it at an appalling cost: millions of lives, billions of treasure, demoralization and devastation such as our civilization had never known. For years the struggle went on under no one directive head. For years there was no intelligent coöperative planning, not even in the elementary matter of supply. Russia, brittle and inapt, collapsed completely. Belgium, Serbia and Roumania were consumed by the fires while their more powerful allies stood by almost helpless. And to cap it all, when the end came it found us as unprepared to deal with peace as we had been to deal with war. We had great need to secure the world against another such outbreak, and good reason to punish the guilty; but under the cloak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of security or of justifiable punishment we scrambled among ourselves for political and commercial aggrandizement, and imposed our will-to-profit by the right of the conqueror. On harrowed fields we found no better seed to sow than dragon's teeth.

What possible conclusion can one draw from such facts as these, other than that war *can* be suppressed because it *has* been suppressed, that haphazard, unprepared methods of war-suppression lead to monstrous loss and waste, and that war-suppression which ends in great political and economic advantages being won by the suppressing powers will but lead to future wars?

Certainly we cannot infer from the glaring facts of the World War that, in some miraculous way, man may be counted on to improve his manners in the future. Theories of pacifism we had aplenty before 1914, excellent plans of arbitration, conciliation, agreement; but we cannot, by any stretch of sophistry, make these altruistic and beneficent theories square with the facts of our own times. "Respect facts," wrote Lord Bryce, himself a somewhat disillusionized altruist in the mature wisdom of his eighty years. "Man is in each country not what we may wish him to be, but what Nature and History have made him." Well, the undeniable fact of all history is that man has intermittently, but with remarkable persistency, lusted for conquest and gone forth to war. No logic nor ethics nor religions have curbed him. By force alone we have recently put down a war outbreak on a great scale—blunderingly, wastefully, but still we have done it. Respecting facts, can we fail to draw the obvious conclusion?

Altruism is unquestionably a great force for good. But in the present stage of civilization it can no more suppress a war than a Carnegie Library can quell a street riot.

Again respecting facts, can we avoid the conclusion that we must devise war-suppressing methods of the future less costly than those we used in 1914–18? The victors in that struggle were also the victims; terribly mangled victims, some of them. If the attrition of modern war may make conquest prohibitively costly, it may also present a staggering bill to those who would suppress conquest. That bill can be reduced only by intelligent coöperation. Hard, cold facts point to the colossal waste and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruin which fall to the lot of those who blunderingly use the highly explosive forces of to-day. Since we must use force, let us use it intelligently; let us have our plans prepared beforehand; above all, let it be known beforehand that we will use it, if necessary, to suppress war.

Crippled, demoralized, penniless, the nations are now struggling to their feet and asking themselves how the great cataclysm through which they have just passed can be avoided in the future. What is the answer? What would have been the answer in 1914 had a group of strong, industrial nations been prepared to deal with a violent outbreak of war; prepared in the measure, say, of their preparedness to cope with an outbreak of fire in one of their great cities? What would have been the answer had they been prepared for immediate, concerted action; prepared and determined to see to it that no possible gain could be had by conquest? With the possibility of conquest reduced to a minimum, with the certainty of an intelligent and (if necessary) a prolonged opposition before them, with the modern cost of war attrition staring them in the face, can it be conceived that men would have deliberately lit the firebrands of conquest and chosen war as a means to political gain or domination?

Brave men will fight desperately in defense of their homes. In that splendid spirit the germ of war does not lie. It lies simply and wholly in the human instinct for domination, for conquest. If we would rid the world of war, we must have our international organization for war suppression prepared beforehand, and backed by the determination that there shall be no conquest. By the obvious manifestation of that determination we may cut the heart out of war.

SHERMAN MILES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEAVES: AN ECLOGUE

BY STARK YOUNG

(*A wood of pine trees, with birches and undergrowth. In the woods far and near, and now and then, the sounds of strings plucked, and of sifting leaves in the wind; at length a shepherd's pipe approaching and very faintly in the wood other pipe notes. The young shepherd enters, followed by a herdsman.*)

Herdsman:
Shepherd, why are you sad?
I hear your music sometimes in the trees,
I mark your wandering feet,
They are grown slow, your trails are dull,
I know of paths more sweet,
But yet you follow these.

Shepherd:
May not the sad be sweet and the foul fair?

Herdsman:
Why do you go up and down the world
Packing your golden sorrow everywhere;
Is it for love?

Shepherd:
If it be so I can but say it,
And you can but believe it.

Herdsman:
If thou art sad I know of one that loves thee,
Shall thy heart waste and fade?

Shepherd:
Daphne?

Herdsman:
Daphne I saw but late.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There were two fields that sloped
Golden and sheaved with wheat.
In the shadow between
The silver thread of a stream
Ran starred with oleander flowers;
And over all a little crescent moon.
She spoke of you and bade me tell you of it,
And sighed. A leaf stirred in the place,
And life and death seemed younger there than she.

Shepherd:
At such a time I saw her first,
And she was like the stream in the golden field
And the moon.
I gave her my heart
And begged her smile, her hands, the boon
Of her mad kiss.
She gave me all her love, her eyes did swoon
Beneath their silver lids,
Yet I was not all this.

Herdsman:
You love some other, then?

Shepherd:
Say not I love her.
When most she held me, when my soul
Reeled with the taken draughts of beauty,
Then was I least hers.
Behind her face another stole,
Behind her voice a voice that may not die;
The sudden light upon her hair
Seemed but a memory;
Her lowered lashes were
The veils of an eternity.

Herdsman:
Then if you love not her you love,
Who is the other?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shepherd:
Ah Daphne, you who would most be one,
Are many grown.
For me your cheeks are flame, but at that blush
A red rose breaks at the heart of the world
And showers its petals down.

Herdsman:
Whom do you love then?

Shepherd:
The dryad only.
She that ever flees before me;
The stillness of the wood is her waiting.

Herdsman:
But you may know her not.

Shepherd:
To-day I saw her mid the trees,
The birch, the old pines,
The brown loam spotted with light like a panther.
I cried and held up my heart,
But she fled laughing.
Then I came to the place she left,
And there were tears on the grey stone.
But she in her flight
Was nearer to me than any other,
Near as my leaping, mad heart.

Herdsman:
Oh, sorry plight,
Oh, bosom of the earth mother
On which thou liest. Oh, dream apart!
In vain,
Daphne, thy woman's pain!

Shepherd:
O dryad—dream—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*As he speaks there come rushes and glints in the boughs and thickets, and pipes, dim and shy.*)

Shepherd:

O dryad, oh dream, dream—
I may not come to you.
There in the deep glades,
Under these pine boughs
That cloud the stars—
Leading your dances out and your mad feet,
Your cry uplifting,
We may never meet.
Your white limbs glance among the trees,
And faintly come your pipes
Drifting
Out from your secret ways.
O dream, of all your store how small are these,
Of the mad joy and terror and beauty of our days.

Herdsman:

You may not take your dream, then?

Shepherd:

Even as I spoke, did not the hazel leaves
Seem suddenly shaken with white arms,
Were there not pipes played, calling me?

Herdsman:

These summer eves
While thou art young are full of harms,
There hath been naught to hear nor see.

Shepherd:

I feel my soul waver and go,
The voices of these trees, their incantation,
The green flames of them that blow,
That lead away my heart with light!
They send abroad their leaves,
They wander the sunrise and the wide night,
But their feet are in the old earth,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She is their passion,
And theirs her might.
One by one the trees grow up in me,
Their sap is in my heart,
The leaves flutter between my lips,
I breathe with the breath of the forest.

Herdsman:
Oh, Daphne, child on thy golden hill,
Go in, go in to thy mother,
She hath her patience from the years,
And the unmindful burden of women still,
Their waiting tears.

Shepherd:
Go thou and tell her this:
Into my soul she fades
As a star falls into the unmeasured sea.

Herdsman:
Alas! I will go tell her.

(*He goes out. The shepherd stands looking after him. He lifts then his pipe to his lips and sounds a few lonely notes. Then he slips down upon one knee, as he speaks.*)

Shepherd:
Passion eternal and beauty and pain—Dream!
And yet—

(*There is a rustle and flash in the leafage near. He springs to his feet and spies eagerly after it. Faintly the pipes play here and there in the wood.*)

O dream and music of forever.—

(*The pipes begin again. He goes out slowly following them, one hand held out from him as if remembering wistfully the thing he leaves. The pipes call farther and farther away.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOLIO[1]

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

THREE hundred years ago, seven years after the death of the writer, appeared *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, or what is commonly known as the First Folio. The editors, as everyone knows, were John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's fellow actors and shareholders at the Globe, both remembered along with another more famous fellow actor, Richard Burbage, in his will. They had lived almost their whole lives in the parish of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, and—the days of "merry England" (though numbered) having not yet come to an end—they were, at different times, wardens of the church, not a stone's throw from which, in Silver Street, lived Shakespeare himself. In the churchyard, now a little oasis, in oldest and dingiest London, of grass and stooping planetrees, alongside a placid white stone structure of Sir Christopher Wren,—streaked with the soot and dust and rains of centuries, though it replaces their church, levelled in the Great Fire,—stands a monument to the men, lying there, who rescued for us more than half of Shakespeare's plays from oblivion, from that or other fires. There are carved their touching words: "We have but collected them and done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame; onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." Shakespeare and his Thespian church wardens had worked together, acted together, in a manner lived together, the least of which experiences is notoriously a trial and test of affection, often the death of it; and yet he thought of them—and left them mourning rings that they might afterwards think of him—before he died. And they thought of him indeed.

For theirs was an act of friendship far more than of fealty and homage. "They pleased the living," as the verses recently discovered by Sir Israel Gollancz record; but it was because "they

[1] Licensed by the Stationers' Company, Nov. 8, 1623.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loved the dead". "These trifles" they call the plays in their dedication of the volume to Pembroke and Montgomery, using the conventional language—*hæc novimus esse nihil*—which would belong only in the modest mouth of the poet; though by their felicitous words in the address "To the Great Variety of Readers" they show that, if unaware of his genius, they were not insensible to his charm:—"who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it". Even Shakespeare's fellow actors in such moments bowed, with their rings upon their fingers, before the rigors of the academic standard. Perhaps Shakespeare, as we shall see, bowed too.

I

Twenty plays thus found a refuge in print, among them *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Othello* had, for the first time, been printed only the year before. Twenty-one plays, therefore, more than half of his output and the more precious part of it, Shakespeare had unnaturally left to the mercy of fortune, the treachery of chance. In 1611, or thereabouts, he retired from the stage to Stratford. He did not, like Lope and Calderon (who, nevertheless, printed a number of theirs), go on writing to the end; he was not, like Molière, hindered from carrying out his intention to publish a complete edition of his works, "in their final perfection," by the absorbing duties of an actor and manager; nor was he stopped by sudden death. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His work was done, he thought. He collected his rents instead of his writings, mingled with his neighbors instead of the poets, founded an estate in strict entail at Stratford instead of his fame forever through all the world, and, in due time, made deliberate but simple preparations for his exit. Though he dictated his will in January, he did not die till April, and in the interval he revised it; but in all the long and particular document he mentions no books, his own or anyone else's, and no manuscripts; and in no way recalls the fact that he was a poet or dramatist, or remembers any poet or dramatist—among so many. He remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bers eight of his friends at Stratford and three of his "fellows", as we have seen, in London; but he gives nothing to Ben Jonson, Drayton, Fletcher, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, or any of the others of that galaxy of luminaries, more truly (one would think) congenial, with whom he must have held converse, high or low, at the Mermaid Tavern; and he is concerned who should have his sword, his broad silver-gilt bowl, and who only the second-best bed, but unconcerned, it would seem, for all that the Globe had recently burned to the ground, what should become of the unprinted manuscript of *Othello* or *Macbeth*.

Except in a single instance, that of the *Venus and Adonis* volume, his books were printed by pirates, or by the Company, apparently to steal a march upon the pirates. The plays, to be sure, were sold to the Company outright, and the author kept no legal rights to them; and, like companies nowadays, the King's Men preferred not to publish a play so long as it could be kept on the stage. But it was so that Jonson, Chapman, and Webster sold their plays; and yet, though they were not, like Shakespeare, shareholders in the purchasing company, they attended, in many instances, to the publication of their plays themselves. Shakespeare did not even do what was done by many Elizabethans, and by Molière, Calderon, and Lope de Vega—try to forestall the pirates or print the correct text to replace the one already pirated, to its damage. In several instances, indeed, better editions appeared after the unauthorized; but, if authorized, they were not authentic. Having seen these bungled and garbled texts, both pirated and authorized, how could the poet, even though not concerned for the twenty-one plays still unprinted, have rested through the idle days and quiet nights the long five years at Stratford, thinking of all the errors descending to posterity to plague the reader and forever employ the commentator—to plague then the reader anew—in the printed sixteen? "Oh, what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!" But that, in things literary, were a thought for Bacon, Jonson, Milton—conscience is for the conscious.

And the sonnets received no tenderer care. His stage plays Shakespeare held in slight regard, as the contemporary Lope de

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vega held his. But in his sonnets (though echoing the Petrarchans) he seems at times to expect immortality for his poetry; and, again like Lope de Vega, he may well have thought that his poetry alone was careful and academic enough to be literature, and afforded his only claim or title. Yet for years he permitted his sonnets to circulate in manuscript; and when they were printed, it seems to have been without his knowledge or consent. It was, to be sure, the aristocratic and genteel thing not to print, and thus to be above all suspicion of literary gain; and these considerations Shakespeare, who was founding a family and estate, applying for a coat of arms, and taking to himself the style of "gentleman", may have let weigh with him in regard to both sonnets and plays. But Spenser had printed, Chapman, Jonson, and Webster had printed, four of them poems and three of them plays; and all but Webster had far higher pretensions than he to learning and gentility, and, so far as anyone knows, won fuller recognition for them. And since the Company printed some of the plays, why did not Shakespeare see to it that they printed them all and well, if he rightly valued either his life work or the good opinion of readers in his own time or in times to come?

II

He did not rightly value his work—he valued the opinion of his contemporaries. Jonson's high praise came after Shakespeare's death, prefixed to the Folio—an epitaph on the monument, a garland upon his grave. In his own day, nobody of importance, save Webster, who (though he deprecates that interpretation) clearly ranks him, in his preface to *The White Devil*, lower than Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, took notice of his merits at all; and, like Meres in 1598 (though Meres also singles him out as the best both in tragedy and comedy, and for that alone is famous) and Camden in 1603, Webster puts him in the same class with such as Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Daniel, and Hugh Holland, as well as others now to us unknown. With his genial nature and supreme gifts of expression, he should have been the social light of the city; but though the common people knew and delighted in his plays, though

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers made allusions to Falstaff or Hamlet, many of either class (like present-day play-goers and novel-readers for that matter) did not know of the author. Bacon was of a larger calibre. In his report concerning the insurrection of Essex in 1601, he tells of "a Play of deposing of King Richard II", which the conspirators "procured to bee played before them"; but neither there nor elsewhere, although in *The Advancement of Learning* he wrote some of the noblest words ever penned on the subject of poetry, and in the second book of the *De Augmentis* a fine paragraph on the drama, does he betray any knowledge of the author of the writings which some day, by some people, were to be thought too good to have been written by any but himself. Here is no nodding—or tipping the wink, either—of Jove to Jove in the guise of a player-playwright. Two ships—tall three-masters—passing in the night! Did Bacon read the book, go to the play, or ever inquire after the author?

And what of those who, though they knew not the man, must have known his name and face? Francis Beaumont, who died in 1615, wrote in his later days a celebrated verse epistle to Jonson about the Mermaid, recalling the words heard there, so nimble and so full of subtle flame, but he does not mention Shakespeare; Robert Herrick, in still later verses to Jonson on "the lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tunne", does not either; and one wonders whether Fuller's celebrated account of "the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, like a great Gallion and an English Man-of-war", in which Shakespeare carries off the honors by his lighter sailing and the quickness of his wit and invention, were not a tradition ill-founded and arising out of Shakespeare's posthumous fame. Fuller, born in 1608, could not himself have witnessed them; Herrick, born in Cheapside where stood the Mermaid, in 1591, easily could. Beaumont and Herrick do not there mention other poets either;—to do so might have been not so palatable to the rather grudging Ben;—but how does it, then, come about that neither of them nor any one else writes verses about the Mermaid to Shakespeare, if he it was who bore the palm away? To the victor is the praise. The few who speak of Shakespeare personally commend his gentle and courteous nature,—he was, then, approachable enough,—yet no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one hails him lord of poets or king of men. He was not a great actor,—according to tradition, he played minor parts, such as that of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*,—and (if we dared to say it) he seems not to have been a dominating or magnetic personality—though a master of the written, not a master of the spoken word.

It may have been simply that he was too modest and unassuming, that he did not assert himself, did not in society boldly enough disclose the world of imagination wherein he lived and moved and had his being, did not claim and take his intellectual throne. It was Jonson who took it, and sat squarely and solidly in it a score of years. It was Jonson who was the chief figure, not only at the Mermaid, but at the Dog, the Sun, and the Tun; and who, his convivial commandments graven on the marble mantel before him, presided in regal state in the Apollo room at the Devil. It was Jonson, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Webster, not Shakespeare, in his lifetime or afterwards, whom the poets looked up to and addressed. It was Jonson who knew the King, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Camden and Selden, and almost all the poets, scholars, and men of rank and renown; and who founded not only a school of comedy but a school of lyric verse. And yet, though a scholar, as Shakespeare was not, Jonson had been, like him, an actor, as well as a common writer for the theatres; and if Shakespeare was provincial and rustic, what was Jonson but the son of a brick-layer if not a brick-layer himself? The better dramatist, the finer poet, the sweeter nature—did Greek and Latin and other learning then outweigh all these? It could not have done so; such things we have seen in society as well as in poetry, and know what a pitiful showing of themselves in either place they make; and some other gift at the beginning must have been added unto him to turn the scale in favor of rare old Ben.

And it was Jonson, even, who bestowed on Shakespeare posthumously an authoritative title to the name of genius in that age; his is the only famous name among the writers of commendatory verses in the Folio; while Webster, in the same year, though as yet no object of piety, appears, in his *Duchess of Malfi*, as the recipient of such verses from the pens of Middleton, Rowley, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford. All three of them we miss here, as well as Webster himself, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and others of the double score of those who wrote verses for Jonson's plays, whether for his folio in 1616, or simply as a tribute at large to his personality and genius. Why did Beaumont and Fletcher, who had more in common with Shakespeare than with Jonson, write only in the latter's praise—Beaumont, who owed to Shakespeare more than anyone, doing it again and again? And why did Herrick, who lived after Jonson had put his seal on Shakespeare's fame, write (also again and again) in praise of Jonson's comedies, his poetry and his wit, and "upon Master Fletcher's incomparable playes", and say never a word of one who wrote plays and songs so incomparably better than either? Was it because of the irregularity of his style? There is nothing of that in his songs. And in the lines prefixed to the Folio, "To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," Jonson writes, though finely and nobly, but as one who rises to the occasion; and, as was then (and is now) expected when recommending a book, particularly one issued posthumously, sets out to pen a panegyric. In his *Conversations* with Drummond, he mentions Shakespeare but twice, then only as a writer, and both times disparagingly; and, while in his *Discoveries* he declares that he "loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any", he is there defending himself against the charge of having made a malevolent speech. Idolatry there has been, but Ben does not bow the knee. Now and then, he complains, Shakespeare makes himself ridiculous. "But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." It was not too much to say.

III

Even in his writings, where he sits enthroned and enshrined above all the world, Shakespeare does not assert himself as do his contemporaries in drama,—Marlowe, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Webster,—any more than at the Mermaid or the Tun. He is too fair, too tolerant, too indulgent: the creator is lost in the multitude of his creations, and, a god in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his own world, he is invisible. He is no partisan, no satirist, no propagandist, no reformer—he stays his hand, lets things be. He has no word of abuse, or of sympathy either, for the Puritans, for the hungrily invading Scotch or the turbulent and truculent Irish; no gibes at tobacco-taking, tooth-picking, or other supposedly frivolous affectations of the time. And he betrays no bias in affairs of church or state. He has, directly or indirectly, nothing to say of the Spanish or the Catholics, of the sale of honours or monopolies, or of the struggles then beginning between throne and people; has no opinions with regard to Ireland, no curiosity with regard to America, no interest even in that most fundamental of questions whether the sun rose and set or the earth instead turned round. Theories and questions, creeds, problems, parties—these were not for him. Not new ideas but familiar ones interested him and served his popular dramatic purpose—pagan, Catholic, or royalist notions, for instance, not those of the newer faith. Even what may seem to be his aversions are not personal, but wholly traditional and inherited:—his aversion for the Jews if he had it; his disgust for the sweaty, ill-smelling mob, frequently given expression, which belonged to many of the writers of his time; his patriotic contempt for the French. He was prejudiced only as England was prejudiced, or the ruling classes of England. His is the most real, solid, and variously coloured world in all drama; but he himself is out of it. And London is out of it, and, as Professor Tucker Brooke has noticed, all the noisy, momentous matters of the hour. He is the supreme spectator, even a dreamer, as—to live—a spectator must well-nigh be. "This world is too big to be all a dream"—too little if it were none. In that boisterous day, he was the one prominent playwright to stand aloof—all his life he stood aloof, though not afar—from that free fight called the war of the theatres, in which Jonson beat Marston and took his pistol from him and, roughest of all, wrote his *Poetaster* on him. Only once does Shakespeare, for a moment, grow personal (for the remarks upon the little eyases, rivals to his company, in *Hamlet*, have to do with a Company affair), when, remembering his poaching days, he gives Justice Shallow a "dozen white luces on his old coat", in allusion (with the boyish prank of a pun on his enemy's name in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tended) to the coat of arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who had prosecuted him. The old legend may, then, be true, we are delighted to discover; the spectator was sometimes an actor; like Prince Hal, he too was, for once in his days, a madcap, a minion of the moon.

IV

As in his will there are no literary men, so there are none in his plays, and himself Shakespeare does not account one of them. And yet his characters live and die not unmindful of fame or glory. For himself, possibly, he was above it, anticipated the bleak idealism of our day, and with Fichte thought thirst for fame a contemptible vanity, or with Tennyson, "merely the pleasure of hearing oneself talked of up and down the street". But to such sentiments he never gives utterance; and when he touches on the subject it is in the spirit of the first words of his earliest comedy:

> Let fame that all hunt after in their lives
> Live registered upon our brazen tombs . . .

It is remarkable that he never treats the subject ironically, in modern style, the fruits of ambition crumbling in the hand to ashes or even before they are touched. Honour is "a word"—is but "air"—only for one man in his theatre, who is fat and old, who had already preferred the inconvenience of flight to the terrors of combat, and who likes not the grinning honour that Sir Walter hath.

Not because he was all-wise, ironical, or indifferent, was Shakespeare modest, but because he was simple and sympathetic. "Literary glory," says Leslie Stephen, "though one may talk of it in sonnets, is a trifle;" but what are "land and beeves", houses and furniture, a coat of arms and the title of gentleman? As if he were only another Heminge, Condell, Burbage, or Edward Alleyn, Shakespeare followed the custom of actors in his day. In *Ratseis Ghost* (1605) a player is by Ratsey, the highwayman, given advice (and he takes it) to "buy thee some place or lordship in the country, that growing weary of playing, thy money may bring thee to dignity and reputation." And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in *The Return from Parnassus* (*c.* 1601), it is said of actors that, profiting by the poor poets who write for them, "they purchase land and now esquires are made." It was, for that matter, the aim of ambitious Englishmen generally in Shakespeare's day, as it is in this. What but an actor, manager, and playwright—but a successful man from Warwickshire—was he? London had not thought him more, and he did not think of appealing from it to posterity or all-judging Jove. He did as others did, who, both as a man and as the supreme dramatist, thought and felt like others—even as regards himself.

V

And he wrote accordingly; still as an actor, a manager, and a maker of stage plays, which were not literature. No one has regarded readers less, for he expected none; he had no critics to fear and face but those in gallery and pit, who can be wooed to forget to be critical; and he wrote only for immediate effect, with an otherwise unlimited liberty of utterance. He was writing playbooks for his company, like Lope de Vega, not, like Corneille and Racine, immortal verse; his art satisfied him and his company only as it swayed audiences at the Globe; and since he thought only of swaying them and not of himself and his fame, he wrote often faultily but he has swayed the world.

He was free of the trammels of self-consciousness, and of those dread requirements of art which cow and confine the spirit. Hence the virtues of his writing, and hence its defects. Writing rapidly and impetuously, careless and thoughtless of the cool and carping reader in his closet, he disregarded matters of consistency and plausibility whilst he framed his great stage-stories, as no other great writer, even for the theatre, has done. A dozen instances of this have been pointed out by Dr. Bradley in *King Lear* alone; and as Professor Brooke has said, Shakespeare was little troubled by the literary conscience. And as for his quibbles and rant—"his comic wit", as Dryden puts it, "degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast"—though his audiences delighted in rant, reveled in puns and clenches, it is a delight which he must not have entirely disdained

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself. When we see how frequently he falls into bad taste it seems less improbable that he should not have known that he was the greatest of poets. That, like many poets, he was not a sure critic of his own or others' work, appears from Hamlet's words of praise for the turgid and bombastic lines about Pyrrhus and Hecuba which the Player at his request repeats for him; but it appears more clearly from the reckless manner in which he heaps his perfections upon his imperfections in almost every play.

VI

Yet there are no perfections like the perfections of Shakespeare. "*Les choses exquises, quand elles sont naïves, sont doublement exquises*"; for they are doubly, more exquisitely human. This is oftener acknowledged in respect of the product of art than of the process; but the purest poetry is what it has from of old been thought to be—a song, a flight, a play or sport, without taint of self-consciousness or professionalism; and sad though it be that the greatest of us all had not the joy of knowing that he was so great, we have no reason to be sad. To eat of the fruit of that knowledge means exile from the garden, or at least from the Muses' Mount. He was earning his living, and in the case of the greatest artists, strange to say, that is a safeguard. For all that play of their imagination, in excess of what is expected or appreciated by the public, is their gift to mankind, their precious but spontaneous tribute to creation, which comes or goes unnoticed. Shakespeare and Molière earned their bread with their pens; but the immortal spirit within them was disengaged and free, untroubled and unspoiled by the attentions of the public or the wooings of the author himself.

Not that he was a child of nature or impulse merely and ignored art. That no great dramatist can be or do, not even a great lyric poet. Profuse strains of unpremeditated art are poured forth only by those who have in some measure previously meditated their art and mastered it. Sport is labour, eager and joyful labour, at the first. And Shakespeare's art was more direct and spontaneous than that of most dramatists in that he had learned it, not out of books, in the schools, or from the ancients, but on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the stage and in the audience, studying and imitating only his contemporaries and rivals, receiving and consummating a tradition. This art he knew, and (though he had read examples of the classical) knew no other. He had not so much studied it as breathed its atmosphere—it was his element, and he became its tutelary spirit. Manners you learn, not from your dancing-master, but in society; and a foreign language, not out of grammars and dictionaries, but in the country itself. So without a grammar he had possessed himself of the language of the stage, the means of communication established by a current convention or understanding between author and audience—the style, high or low, the verse, the stage devices, the loose but mobile structure of the story, the bold and yet artful mingling of the emotions (tragic and comic), together, the changes of scene—all that in generations the authors had taught their audience and the audience had taught their authors; and now nothing else under heaven mattered, not rules of the drama, or canons of taste, or any other question, but only how he, an author, could move the audience anew. If any one, he could do it—not posing for posterity, he had his eye fixed on no alien consideration such as the example or precept of antiquity or the laurels to crown his brow, but "on the object", solely on the characters he was calling upon the stage and on the audience to assemble before it—and into the business he threw his whole soul.

VII

Such, I suppose, are the ideal conditions for the making of art—the supremely gifted genius, master of his medium and immediate heir to an artistic tradition, throwing himself into the undertaking prodigally and exuberantly, ignorant or regardless of æsthetic rules or principles, guided and guarded only by the healthy instincts and customs of his race, his temperament, and his day. *Ex vivo vivum.* Like Browning's, the touch of his hand, at least with the pen in it, is like an electric shock; and, as with Browning and Dickens both, even the inanimate things it touches start and quiver—whether it be jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain top, or Mrs. Todgers's dingy skylight looking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distrustfully down her stairway. But it is to human beings that it gives life most abundantly—here, if anywhere, are the forms more real than living man. "He has the true cry, the right tone" [*le cri vrai, l'accent juste*], says Victor Hugo; "all the human multitude with its clamour." The logic or even the psychology may be at fault, but at his best Shakespeare lends his characters each a particular and individual voice. Whatever they do —whatever they say—by the way they say it we know them, which is to love them. It is Cordelia, weeping, and no other, who says to Lear when he thinks, or fain would think, this lady to be his child Cordelia, "And so I am, I am!" It is Rosalind, smiling, and no other, who says to Orlando as she plays the part of the person she really is, "Come, woo me, woo me. . . . What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?" It is Falstaff, laughing, and rolling the jest on his tongue, who says of his conscripts to the jeering Prince, "Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." What are these but the true and troubled accents of the human voice, broken with laughter, palpitating with happiness, choked with tears? It is quick and passionate speech, not as in Racine the rhetoric and eloquence of passion; a voice out of a throbbing human throat, not the less intimate note of flute or trumpet; the cry of the soul as alone we can ever know it, fluttering in its tight tenement of clay, not aloft and on the wing.

VIII

The main thing, of course, is that it was Shakespeare. He might have been given his full meed of praise in his lifetime, he might have been made so fully aware of his eminence as to publish all his plays correctly before his death. Still he would not really have known himself, still his plays would not have been "correct". He was not elegant or exquisite—when he tried to be, he wrote badly, like Burns. He wrote, not like Congreve, without fault or blemish, but like Molière, hastily, far better plays. "He wanted arte"—was un-selfconscious—not merely because he was unrecognized and unaware, but because he was intent, engaged, and inexhaustible. Not critical, he was—oh, word abused!—creative; and when he recognized a defect or crudity in play or passage,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his way, I presume, was not to rewrite it but—almost before he knew—to write another. In rewriting it, he could not but write another, such was the teeming abundance of his brain. There is in his work a vast development but, you might say, no improvement or measurable approach to perfection. "He redeemed his vices with his virtues"—did not amend them. He soared to greater heights, and if he escaped pitfalls, it was only while his inspirations lasted, and because he was now stronger of wing. His art is more complex and compact, more varied, powerful, and subtle; but it is no wise purer or chaster; it is even less logical and orderly, is more intricate, tortuous, and obscure.

And hardly could it have been otherwise. Like Browning, Balzac, Scott, and Dickens, Shakespeare was too preoccupied with life to study perfection in art or strictly meditate the Muse. Yet to him she was not thankless—her supreme favour, like that of other ladies, is for him who does not too strictly woo her—and the human figures, the thoughts, images, words, came only too thick and fast. He wrote easily, impetuously, for money, to be sure, but also because he liked it; because, once started, he could hardly stop; because, once stopped, he could, in the same mood and temper, hardly get started again. In twenty years he wrote thirty-seven plays, more in the same time, despite his duties as actor and man of affairs, than any other Englishman. "His mind and his hand went together," say Heminge and Condell; "and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that we have scarse received from him a blot in his papers." Swiftly he wrote down what the spirit spoke. "He never blotted a line," echoes Jonson with a grunt, writing not for the Folio but for himself, in the *Discoveries;* "would he had blotted a thousand!" But the world (both then and now) does not join him and the other judges of his time, who loved what they called "art" rather than what they called "nature", in their wish. If Shakespeare had been the man to do that, nature would have there yielded to art—he would have known himself, which is the sum of wisdom, but, whether for him or for us, there would have been less to know. The "Master of those who know" was not a poet.

ELMER EDGAR STOLL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG

BY SIGMUND MÜNZ

CLOSELY linked with reminiscences of Rome a generation ago is the woman whose meditative figure was painted so realistically by Lenbach, the artist who also portrayed Gladstone, Bismarck, Moltke, Lord Acton, Mommsen, Helmholtz and Döllinger; her little face with the calm look out into the world; on her hair, parted in the middle, a lace cap which throws into bold relief her serene brow beneath which dwelt gentle thoughts. I had met her for the first time in the late autumn of 1885, in the house of Senator Marchese Carlo Guerrìeri-Gonzaga. She was even then what people like to call an old little mother, but her voice was youthful and clear. Rome, where she had been living for thirty years, and where she was to find her last resting place by the Pyramid of Cestius next to Goethe's son and not far from Shelley, had become her second home.

In the Via Polveriera, near the Colosseum, Malvida von Meysenbug lived for twenty years in a quiet house, ear and mind turned towards the current of life. She lived most frugally, in keeping with her modest circumstances, but this did not prevent her admirers from finding their way to the street which had the appearance of a quarter of proletarians, and to the house which looked like an inn for them. In Rome hospitality was not practised in a Lucullan style; the evenings were passed in conversation and the guests were given a cup of tea, a glass of lemonade, or a glass of Marsala, with some biscuits; in this way it was possible for people who led a simple existence to receive the most distinguished guests. Especially on evenings when the moon bathed the Colosseum opposite in its magic light, her room was full of interesting visitors. There were always French and English elements present, but Germans and Italians were predominant.

When the last century was closing, Friedrich Nietzsche died.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That she had been attached to him in sisterly or, shall we say motherly, friendship, all the world knew, and so it happened that many wanted to hear from her lips what kind of man he had been and how it was that he had become the aphorist of superhumanity, when his spirit had not yet been crushed. Madame Meysenbug had met him for the first time in Bayreuth, in Richard Wagner's house, where she had often visited. She was therefore a living source of information with regard to the peculiarities of the composer of *Parsifal.* When I look at Lenbach's portrait of her, it brings back an evening on which I met that artist in the company of Wagner's stepdaughter, Countess Gravina, *née* Bülow, and her husband, the Sicilian nobleman, in the Via Polveriera. Lenbach's tongue was not less eloquent than his brush, though it may not have been quite so artistic; Frau Cosima, Wagner's wife, conversed with fascinating vivacity. And Nietzsche's and Wagner's and other great names did not by half exhaust the treasure of reminiscences of the woman of the Via Polveriera.

As long as thirty years before she died in 1903, she had struck the balance of her existence in *Memoirs of an Idealist.* Therefore, she must as early as that have thought herself an old woman. She was to live through another generation a contemplative life, of gentle and benevolent disposition and prepared to meet death, but also cheerfully meeting life. She was fond of calling herself the "Idealist", and at first had given to her great work of memoirs no other title. For a long time it was not known that it was she who, in a frame of mind which bordered on tearfulness, had written so fascinating a book which was to draw tears from many a reader's eyes.

Dreams and reality, developments springing from inside and developments caused from outside, complications and unraveling of knots in an existence which was for a long time that of a vagabond, all that she described with thrilling emotion. Hers was a magic style, magic like her outward appearance. So her books, too, contained more soul than body.

"It is lovely to get to know the world, to observe and to see how life unfolds itself in various countries and nations—but finally one has to find one's native place where the past labours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of acquiring result in a peaceful possession and bearing of fruit." Thus she wrote me in a letter of January, 1892, referring to the roaming life which I had led up to then. After protracted wanderings, Rome became her home. Her peregrinations must be understood both in a local and in a mental sense. From Cassel, where she was born, she made her way via Hamburg and Berlin, where she lived for a short time, to London, where she spent many years; thence via Paris and Florence to Rome, where she died at the age of eighty-seven. But her soul had to go on still more troublesome wanderings than her body. Born the daughter of a family of court dignitaries, she became, after an unfortunate love affair with a young clergyman, involved in the democratic movement which spread through Germany and Europe and reached its climax in 1848. When reaction came over Germany, she emigrated to Belgium, and then lived in London as an emigrant among the emigrants, the centre of whom was formed by Alexander Herzen and Giuseppe Mazzini. And then she made a still longer stay in Bayreuth with Richard and Cosima Wagner, until after so eventful an Odyssey she landed in the port of Roman life where great beacons like Franz Liszt, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, Marco and Laura Minghetti, Lenbach and Bernhard, who was afterwards Imperial Chancellor, cheered the evening of her life. Her chief work, *The Memoirs of an Idealist*, was followed by *Tone Pictures from the Legacy of an Old Woman*, the novel *Thädra*, *Collected Tales*, and *Tales from Legends and History*. Partly guided by autobiographical moods, partly by imagination, they are sequels of her principal work, which she finished during her best years, in the volume *An Idealist's Evening of Life*, and which in *Individualities* reached their finality. *An Idealist's Evening of Life* is the work of old age. But she knew how to preserve to the end her remarkable freshness of feeling. The craving to spiritualize her own self showed itself very early.

London became the chief *étape* in her outward and inner life. There, the intimate relations with the family of Alexander Herzen, the Russian anti-Legitimist, and that of their daughter, who had married the French historian Gabriel Monod, stood to Malvida Meysenbug, who had remained single, in place of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family of her own. She translated into German a good many of Herzen's writings. She had for a long time been fascinated by the frankness, the intrepidity, the cleverness, the critical and at the same time ideal character, of the Voltairean author of the book *From the Other Side*, and now she was face to face with the radical aristocrat, the aristocratic radical, of Moscow, whose revolutionary writings, although indited far from his Russian home, had developed as a power which was dangerous to the despotic régime of the Czar's Government. How did Herzen come to condemn the Russian system of government, which, through the indignation with which it filled him, made him the great political publicist? The evolution of a thinker's powers can seldom be traced back to its origin. Mme. Meysenbug explains how an incident in his boyhood had made an indelible impression on him and how it had pointed out to him the way he had to go. Five men, not the least important of the great Empire, had been accused of being the leaders of a secret society, which was to free Russia from servitude, and were executed at the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I. The boy, deeply moved by this terrible news, at sunrise on a hill near Moscow swore together with a youth of his age, Ogareff, to avenge the five martyrs of their convictions. That which then in half childish revolt flashed through his youthful soul, burst into bright flames when he joined the circle of young students in the University of Moscow. Herzen appeared to Mme. Meysenbug more attractive than many of the exiles in London. The natural son of the Russian Count Takovlew and a German lady, whom he would have married if he had not been a Knight of the Maltese Order, he had the innate distinction of an aristocrat to which was added the freethinking of a reformer.

Mme. Meysenbug, who had to earn her living, had entered Herzen's house as a governess and thenceforward was a second mother to his daughters. A chapter in the *Tone Pictures* tells of Olga Herzen, the later Madame Monod, whose husband was to distinguish himself in the trial of Captain Dreyfus as his counsel. In keeping with her own conviction and that of Herzen, who was a freethinker, she thought she ought to bring the child up without dogmas, only in conviction with all that was beauti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful and good, in liberty and naturalness. She would have considered it unprincipled to put before the child as true something which, to her own way of thinking, was not true. Not believing in the idea of a personal existence after death, she answered little Olga's question when a friend died, "What becomes of people when they are buried?", by saying, "Beautiful plants and flowers grow from graves." The effect which this produced was that the little girl a little later made a will in which she asked that a vine be planted on her grave, with an arbour over it, under which a seat of white marble was to invite friends who visited her grave to rest and to refresh themselves with the fruit of the vine. Mme. Meysenbug adds to this the sentence: "This cheerful heathenish idea was not the only occasion which gave me an opportunity to observe how often children would come near heathen notions and repeat the poetic side of the history of humanity, if only one would not interfere with their nature."

In Herzen's house one evening of the year 1853, she made the acquaintance of a spare man, whom at first sight one might have taken for a professor. The corners of his mouth had an expression of bitterness, and his features were deeply furrowed; they gave evidence of sorrow and pain. Those in England who got to know him then could not cease speaking of the magic of his personality, which was beautiful and noble. He was Giuseppe Mazzini. He revealed himself to her as a figure of Michelangelesque tragedy, in a grandeur which was proof against all temptations, in the ruggedness of a proud soul, in the inflexibility of a political thinker, with heaven-reaching ideals, one of the most sublime figures of his century, a martyr among the epic heroes who created United Italy. Two names were engraved on his heart: Italy and Republic. Nietzsche said to Mme. Malvida that there was not another man whom he envied as he did Mazzini. He was, Nietzsche said, the poet of poets because he expected of himself alone what other poets expected of the heroes of their poetic creations. For the sake of an ideal deed he experienced the most bitter fate. All his thoughts were concentrated on the deliverance of Italy. Everybody else reaped their reward, but no thanks came to him; he remained lonely, an exiled one, persevering or holding fast to his republican ideal,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refusing royal favors, great in his modest outward way of living which came very near asceticism. He, who to many appeared as a diabolic persecutor of all monarchs and destroyer of thrones, who had sacrificed hecatombs of human lives in favor of Italian unity, was described by Mme. Malvida as a character of downright apostolic simplicity; those who did not know him might have guessed his name when the door was opened noiselessly and a narrow, fine figure in a plain, black coat, which was closely buttoned up, glided almost shyly into the room. A close friendship developed between her and the Genoese and they communicated to one another in letters their ideas on important problems of their time.

She used to see him at the time when Felici Orsini was executed because of the attempt on the life of Napoleon III. That execution made on Mazzini as well as on Mme. Meysenbug a great impression, for both were convinced of the patriotic intentions of the unfortunate man, who in order to realize them had chosen such desperate means. Mazzini, otherwise so reticent, opened to Mme. Meysenbug his innermost heart. He even went so far as to chaff her, calling her a Communist on account of her advanced views. "I joke now and then," he wrote to her, "but only because I have much bitterness in my heart, and would give myself up to absolute silence if I did not make jokes." She was to have spent a few weeks with him at the seaside and they had made up their minds to go to the Isle of Wight. But afterwards he refused and the reasons he gave laid bare his heart, which was rent by deep sorrow. "The island," he wrote, "is too beautiful for me. The most lovely landscape makes me sad and gloomy and the most beautiful music a thousand times more so. When I am in that mood, all beauty causes me a real spasm of despair and a sensation of languor which is not good for me."

He, in whom the world saw the most unscrupulous conspirator and preacher of political murder, proved himself in personal intercourse to be a man full of kindness and tact. She always remembered him as a saint and remained loyal to him after his death. When afterwards she came to Italy, she made a pilgrimage to his grave in the cemetery of Stagliano in Genoa, where he lies next to his mother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happier than Mazzini, more rounded off, appeared to her Garibaldi. Calumny dared to attack his heroism. In Germany, against which country he had made war in 1870 with his "Red-shirts", it was spread about that he was greedy and corrupt. Mme. Meysenbug knew that the opposite was true. It was shown, she tells us, when as the guest of the Duke of Sutherland, after the Marsala expedition and the unification of Italy which it had achieved, he received the homage of the aristocracy. At this time he was offered a considerable fortune and a large property as a tribute of English admiration, but refused to accept it and preferred to return to his modest solitude in Caprera. About Garibaldi's idyll in Caprera, Mme. Meysenbug tells of an incident which she heard from the lips of a friend, who had been present and in which the kindheartedness of the man was reflected. One day a young lamb was missed, and Garibaldi's attention had been attracted by the wailings of its mother. He and a friend who was with him set forth to look for the little creature between the cliffs and in the crevices of the rocks. But they could not find it, and at last they were tired and went to bed. The friend could not sleep, and when all was silent he heard the door of Garibaldi's room open softly and saw how he carefully, so as not to make a noise, left the house. After some time, in the middle of the night, he heard him come back, and was told next day that Garibaldi after a long search had found the little animal, and as it was shivering with cold, had taken it with him to bed to warm it, and in the morning had given it back to its mother. She was more intimate with Marco Minghetti, the diplomat who stood several times at the head of Italian affairs. She was specially intimate with him and with his wife, Donna Laura, and her daughter Marie von Bülow. With the latter she had in common a devotion to the genius of Richard Wagner.

Don Quixote one evening formed the theme of a discussion between Nietzsche and Mme. Meysenbug. The philosopher blamed Cervantes for making a man with ideal aspiration the target for derision by the everyday world, instead of its admiration. Mme. Meysenbug, the idealist, would have us understand the old novel thus: A man with ideal aspirations, if he puts them forth in an anachronistic form, becomes quite naturally in our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everyday world, which does not understand at all any ideal intentions, a fool and a caricature. As an incorrigible idealist she had for a time in view the foundation of a mission house, in order to help human beings of both sexes to a free development of a noble spiritual life, so that they might then go out into the world in order to scatter the seeds of a new culture. In Sorrento, this paradise full of tropical splendour, this new high school, was to come into being and Nietzsche, who, in order to cure his sick nerves, had come to the Gulf of Naples for the winter, was to help to realize her dream; and he on his side had two friends, Drs. Paul Ree and Brenner, who would help in the common work. But the pain in his head and eyes, for the cure of which he had come south, increased with the warm season in Sorrento, and often he lay writhing in unceasing agony in his bed. His confidence in the south vanished, Mme. Meysenbug tells us, and with the same fervour of confidence with which he had looked forward to that journey, he looked forward to the icy region of the Alpine world and hastened his departure. So this ideal quadruple alliance of Sorrento dissolved like a dream-picture. With the intention of giving up his professorship of philology and, free from this tie, to follow only his innermost inclinations in which Mme. Meysenbug encouraged him, Nietzsche left Sorrento. But soon he changed his mind. Under the influence of his sister, he clung to his literary post. As he believed that brooding and philosophy had made him ill, he wanted now to regain his health and get engrossed in his academic calling.

"You see," wrote Mme. Meysenbug to Dr. Ree, "there is again that curious wavering between the two natures which are fighting in his breast." In March, 1900, she wrote to me from Rome: "I have frequently remembered the noble personality of the poor man, and this personality was the important side of him. His philosophy was not yet a system and would never have become one, his ideas were far too paradoxical for that."

Nietzsche's desertion of Wagner she judged to the disadvantage of the former, and she remained loyal to the composer of *Parsifal.* She survived him by twenty years and saw many people, but she could no longer be roused to enthusiasm as she had been by a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mazzini or Richard Wagner. Thenceforward she lived, spiritually, in still closer association with those great men.

Summer and autumn she used to spend regularly in the villa Amiel at Versailles with her friends Olga and Gabriel Monod. From there she wrote to me to ask me to help her to find better apartments than those in the Via Polveriera: "Sunshine, quiet and a terrace are indispensable for me."

I passed the winter 1889–1890 in Venice, where Mme. Meysenbug wrote to me from Versailles: "I like Venice almost better than Rome, it is an intensely romantic place, but I think I shall never return to it. I stayed here the whole summer peacefully with my friends, and of course went to the exhibition, which was a real triumph for France, and together with the elections have proved to the world that the great majority of the French want peace and undisturbed development and that all that the papers say are lies."

Her trips to France to her friends, the Monods, became in time things of the past, because she could not stand the fatigues of long journeys. Year after year Liszt's high forehead with its expressive wart and his white locks made its appearance by the green shrubbery of the Pincio. His intimates met at the house of his faithful friend, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein; and when Liszt, and soon after him the mystic Princess, died and there were no longer any temple of the Holy Grail, any knights, any ecstasy, any brotherly and sisterly kisses in the Villa Babuino, there came to Bayreuth a new generation: Frau von Bülow, the wife of the German Ambassador at the Quirinal, for whom the memory of Wagner had already crystallized in an epic legend. In the plain-looking Villa Polveriera, in the only large room which was open to visitors, one often saw a miniature picture of Bayreuth. Mme. Meysenbug's last years in Rome were made happy by her close friendship with the family of Minghetti and that of the affiliated family, Bülow. For some time, after her house had been damaged by an earthquake, she had found a place of refuge with the Bülows in the German Embassy. During the absence of Frau von Bülow she lived alone with the Ambassador. "Let evil tongues gossip," said the Imperial Chancellor smilingly to me, when later on he happened to speak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his living together with the octogenarian matron. It was a great blow to her, when Bülow was called to Berlin by the Kaiser, away from the poetic dim light of the Palazzo Cafarelli. So that she should not be too lonely, Olga and Gabriel Monod paid her a visit every year; they did not mind the journey to their motherly friend in Rome. There were between them not only the associations with Alexander Herzen, but also sympathy with the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus, and Gabriel Monod's praiseworthy part which he took in the struggle to save the honour of the condemned man. On December 12, 1897, she wrote to me: "I believe we ought to do all we can to save poor Dreyfus, who is certainly innocent." Two years later she wrote: "Much good has come in France by the revision of the trial of Dreyfus, but the end is not yet and the Court of Justice at Rennes fills me with fear." She was to be right in her anxieties. Yet the last day had not come yet. Zola was dead, but Jaurès was still alive.

More and more the thought of her approaching death grew stronger in her. In her last years, when she had grown weaker and weaker, she could seldom get beyond the outskirts of Rome. In her last letter she said: "I am going to the seaside, only as far as Nettuno, and hope to get stronger there. In all my wretchedness I remain however faithful to my old friends." With good reason Nietzsche called her "The best friend in the world".

SIGMUND MÜNZ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTLOOSE AMERICANS

BY HELEN McAFEE

ARE Americans the greatest travelers in the world? It is not easy to answer. Affairs of empire and trade take the British to the ends of the earth. In the prosperous decades before the war the Germans, too, were notorious for their *Wanderlust*, and the most remote outpost of commerce was seldom without its aggressive Teuton agent or innkeeper.

But the question is rather an idle one. We have, at any rate, the reputation of being the most traveled nation—which, like all national reputations, is doubtless exaggerated. Europeans who witness the disembarkation of our invading hordes, summer after summer, naturally infer that all Americans cross the Atlantic; just as a passenger on one of our congested week-end trains out of New York is inclined to conclude that practically everyone of its citizens spends Sunday in the country. The stay-at-homes are by definition less conspicuous. Moreover, we have our own peculiar form of vagrancy, which is different from the British or the German variety.

If we are not the most traveled people, certainly we are the most footloose. Not a few but thousands of us set out on annual journeys for what would seem to foreigners no reason at all—the craving for change, curiosity, mere restlessness. We go immense distances, to Bangkok or Buenos Aires or Liverpool, for no more serious business than sightseeing. We are indeed a nation of sightseers. I have some very good friends who live on the route of the Northern Pacific. "When you come West," they write, "to see the Yellowstone, you must stop off and visit us"—thereby making two assumptions that would sound strange to a Frenchman: first, that a person of my very modest means could be expected to exhaust them by taking a trip of two or three thousand miles with no chance of economic advantage; second, that if he were to do so, his chief objective would be, as a matter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of course, stocks and stones, geysers and canyons, rather than companions of his youth.

The interesting thing about all this is the social psychology behind it. Why are we so footloose as a people? Well, for one thing, because we are not, like others, tied down—either by poverty or tradition. A comparatively small proportion of us live in the houses we were born in. In my own town, an old one, for this country, and regarded as highly "conservative", I happened one day to walk the length of our most "conservative" street with two fellow-citizens whose memories went back two generations beyond mine. As we passed each of the substantial old houses—too costly to change hands lightly—we amused ourselves by comparing notes on past and present owners; and in not a single instance did it appear that the residents of today had any connection with the families who had lived there fifty years ago. We build—notoriously—for the time being rather than for the future. We buy (when we buy) houses that we think will be easily saleable once our immediate need is over. The most permanent of our modern dwelling-places—the towering apartment structures of steel and brick—are made for the least static of us all—transients that often move about from year to year. Our household gods have indeed no power to chain us down.

Nor do we—a great mass of us—even live in the towns we were born in. After a roving youth, winters in one place, summers in another, early schooling here and later education there, many of us "settle down" (if at all) in a place with which we have no associations, family or otherwise. Naturally we can't be expected to have a very settled feeling. There are no deep roots to bind us to the soil; and curiosity and restlessness have, of course, been stimulated by vagrancy. So we do not "stay put."

People who have had ties over a long period with one spot are not so likely to feel curiosity about the outside world—at least not to the point of active impulse to explore it. In driving once up a hill on a signless Vermont road, we thought it wise to stop at an old farmhouse to inquire where our road, which ran past it, led. A young woman who came out in answer to our call frankly stated that she didn't know. Thinking her, like ourselves,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strange to the country, we asked if there was in the house anyone who lived there who could direct us. To which she replied: "I've lived here all my life—but we never drive that way." She betrayed no interest whatever in the road over the hill. So the family of the charming lad in *Swann's Way*, on their walks in Combray could always see rising above the trees the spires of the neighboring village of Roussainville, but to Roussainville itself they felt no compulsion to go.

All our moving about is doubtless—like most things—economic at bottom. It is characteristic of a social order in which business has not yet become stabilized, in which fresh opportunities in new places are constantly beckoning. We have few commercial houses or professional firms with the strong father-to-son tradition so common in the old world, and none, so far as I know, that could have suggested even to the poet's imagination the ancient lineage of Mr. de la Mare's *Lispet, Lispett & Vaine.*

Nor are we anchored to the soil as are inhabitants of countries where it has been harder to come by and is less likely to change hands. One of the cardinal differences that the casual observer notices between England and America is in this attitude towards the land. Over there landholding for historic reasons (chiefly because it has been an exclusive affair) carries with it an honourable social estate, and so is a force for stability. In this country, where land is always available, where indeed one can still buy more easily than sell, it is generally looked upon, especially by those who possess it, as an incubus rather than a prize. We naturally think more of the burden than of the dignity of ownership. And as we care little about the idea of holding land from generation to generation, it does not hold us.

So we like, as we say, to be continually "on the move", and have become a nation of explorers, one of whose chief recreations is seeing new sights. This much on the negative side of our social psychology. We are comparatively rootless—therefore we uproot easily; and frequently undergoing the experience, we acquire a taste for it.

There is also a positive side to our footlooseness, though more vaguely felt and harder to state in precise terms. Zest for adventure is a dominant strain and dies out but slowly. Far as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of us are removed from the pioneer settlers, it still flows in our veins. The same motive force that brought the old Pilgrims across the Atlantic to explore America sends the new pilgrims of today back again to explore Europe. Moreover, it was not so many generations ago (even for the most American of us) that we pulled ourselves up as completely as possible from the homeland—or rather homelands,—and we still have stray roots, conscious, or half-conscious, or sub-conscious, in that older earth. Race memories, crowd memories, are said to be short. Are they? (One does not get that impression from the Bible or *The Golden Bough*.) They are handed down not only in obvious forms, such as tradition, custom, literature, speech itself, but also in the subtler salts of body and mind which, whether we like to admit it or not, bind us to places our ancestors left behind. This is one of the reasons why we are not yet at repose in the land they chose for us. If most of us no longer have the feeling of the close and direct relation that prompted Hawthorne's title *Our Old Home*, we are nevertheless somewhat uncomfortably aware of the fact that ours is a New Home.

Perhaps it is just because their own environment has not yet hardened, and they have not yet become fixed in it, that Americans do not take their boundaries very seriously, and get so much fun out of crossing them. In a certain hamlet of the Tyrol I had the pleasure of meeting the most traveled man of the neighbourhood. He had gone, I was told, in one direction as far as Zell-am-See and in the other as far as Munich. These were the two poles of his world. He spoke with much pride of his journeys, but evinced no desire to extend them. Wholly of his province, he had no curiosity, no interest, in what might lie beyond its outermost limits. Americans are as little international as any civilized people, but at least they have not the European figure of the iron ring between themselves and other nationalities, welded by centuries of fear and conflict.

Nor have we the morbid centrality of the small inbred race with a strip of earth that is frequently assaulted and hard to defend. A group of college boys or girls from St. Louis, let us say, will make themselves as welcome in Paris or Rome as in New York. And this somewhat naïve assurance naturally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evokes a good-natured tolerance which adds another charm for us to the gaiety of foreign travel.

Like all young peoples surrounded by a blatantly young civilization, we are liable to suffer keenly at intervals from a nostalgia for Age—a nostalgia that has inspired many of our good pens from Hawthorne to Henry James. We crave the mellow taste of time. So we go for it to London or Florence, as the young Romans doubtless went to Athens—or wanted to—and the young Athenians to Thebes or Crete. I remember a particularly acute flare-up of this malady that attacked me several years ago as I sat on the ruined pier of a Byzantine wall overlooking the citadel of Constantine. We miss the rich heritage of a national background stretching as far as history can reach, with its faded glories and half-mystical legends. We miss, too, the poignancy and grace and interest that immemorial stones—such as the stones of Venice—lend to the modern scene. For us, alas, the splendour never "falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story"—*our* story. Few of our buildings have yet felt the benefit of the "depredations of time", which the schoolgirl Jane Austen remarked had been "of infinite use to the landscape of England". Not having ruins in our own landscape, we must fall back upon Hadrian's Villa and the broken vaults of Glastonbury.

Some go to Europe for clothes and others (an increasing proportion, doubtless) for non-Volstead drinks. But I suppose it is fair to say the majority of Americans travel abroad because they believe that seeing the world, in addition to being pleasurable, is educational. Behind the itineraries of most of us who have to consider the cost there is an impulse toward culture, blind or feeble though it may be. It is the fashion to laugh at our compatriots who "do" the British Museum or the Louvre with a Baedeker, or join Cook's tours to the Pyramids or the Acropolis —and they are indeed easy marks. One of the amusements of native Müncheners in Passion Play summers is to go down to the *Hauptbahnhof* and watch the *Amerikanerinnen* board the Oberammergau trains. Sometimes the joke is the other way round. Puzzled about the meaning of a certain word which recurred in the names of two or three English villages through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which we chanced to be walking, we asked several times in vain for an explanation. Finally one country lad suggested, with an eager glance at the Muirhead strapped to our pack, "Let's have a look at what your book there says."—Yet the guidebooks and the organized tours bespeak an educational purpose, however dimly or crudely conceived. Parents who can afford it—and some who cannot—give their children a summer in Europe as a post-graduate supplement to school or college. And teachers of cultural subjects hoard their miserable pay for sabbatical years on the other side. Foreigners generally, I think, overestimate the financial resources of the American tourist who comes to their shores. Knowing the cost, they assume that he must be "rich" —not knowing how much the trip means to him or in how many cases it represents the effort of a lifetime.

"The American is imaginative," writes Mr. Santayana; "for where life is intense, the imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative, he would not live so much in the future"—or in the past, he might have added. At Delphi in one of the pleasant springs before the war, when steamship rates were less a luxury for millionaires than they are today, it was our fortune to meet a middle-aged man with his wife, who went into archæological details with extraordinary avidity—even to running a dash in the exhumed stadium, by way of treating himself to the illusion of history. He had never had any education, he told us, and he had become so oppressed as the years went on with his ignorance of the world he lived in that he had decided with his wife's consent to sell his business and home and to set out to see it—and considering the thoroughness with which he was doing the job, he may very well be at it still. Now this quixotic soul could have been no other than an American—and an American from the intense, imaginative, and much maligned Middle West, at that.

What did he get out of it? What do any of us get out of it —besides Paris gowns and London tweeds? Not all certainly in the way of education that we might. Too often, ill-founded observations and confused impressions. Sometimes merely a discontent—not at all divine—with things at home. The tourist with his holiday enthusiasm and the superficial vision of a guest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the old habit of generalizing upon the advantages on the other side of the street, is liable on his return to bore his less fortunate fellow townsmen until they fairly squirm at the ominous sound of his prefatory—"When I was in Shanghai—".

All of which is more than offset by a number of compensations that appear to different travelers in different guises. By the comforting view of continuity, for example, that comes from following the trail of time, the Gypsy,

> Last week in Babylon,
> Last night in Rome.

Cut off in many ways from the past by our removal from one continent to another, when it was almost impossible to keep open the line of communications, and further cut off by the intensive concentration upon the new environment demanded of pioneer generations, and again cut off by the rude hand of revolution, we have now arrived at circumstances in which we can calmly take stock of our isolation. And looking about us today we seek the support of history at our backs—the history of Western civilization, of which fundamentally we have never ceased to be a part. When an American jocularly tells you that he wants to smoke a cigar beside the Sphinx before he dies, you may be sure that he has felt, however obscurely, the pressure of just this emotion.

Its obverse is the desire (which most of us have been known to entertain) to experience the oneness of the modern world. Though we Americans are still extraordinarily wary of applying it, the theory of the brotherhood of man has always delighted us. Yet until the eighteen-nineties the physical disabilities of travel largely prevented us from testing it out. The expense, time, and discomfort of a sea voyage weighed heavily against our curiosity about other peoples. But our two great oceans no longer stand as barriers whether against the incoming horde of immigrants or the outgoing horde of tourists. We are at last free—even those of us with moderate incomes—to cross the Atlantic at least once in a lifetime, and our generation is making up in foreign travel for time lost by its predecessors. Seeing the world means hardly more to Ohioans today than seeing New York meant before the Civil War.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aside from the removal of obstacles, many things have helped to promote American interest in non-Americans and to turn it in the direction of visiting them. One is our expanding foreign trade. No steamship's passenger list is now complete without its quota of international bankers and business men and, in the ample American fashion, their families. Popular education, with its courses in the history and literature of many lands, has done its part in sending the imagination of youth across the seven seas, and their bodies hot after it. Not alone the formal education of the schools but the informal extension work of books and newspapers and periodicals—all so very much more international in their scope of late. Add to these our experience, dating back to the Spanish War and culminating in the Great War, of taking up our new rôle as a "World Power", and you have another active incentive to voyages of discovery. It is natural that we should be eager to see as much as possible of this vast domain in which we have recently succeeded to so proud and high-sounding a title.

The mood of the rover is the mood of youth itself; and our will to know foreign climes is, after all, a natural phase of our adolescence, preliminary to our induction as a nation into man's estate. Like young people everywhere, we distrust our surroundings. We do not mean to be engulfed by them—and our huge country could so much more easily than most countries submerge us for good and all! If we are to grow up as a people, as we wish to grow up, we feel that we must achieve what Mrs. Gerould calls a perspective on our Americanism, look at it objectively, from the outside in. It is from this last approach, I think, that we shall best understand our psychology as travelers—the naïveté, the gusto, and the intense seriousness with which we set out to sightsee the world and, literally, "survey mankind from China to Peru."

HELEN MCAFEE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IVAN MESTROVIC

BY WALTER AGARD

For once the incomparable Max Beerbohm is wrong. Sculpture is not a lost art. It is being enjoyed today—even as art. It has, to be sure, other values, and is used for purposes other than æsthetic. People enjoy it because it is descriptive of a situation that pleases them in moral terms (perhaps some justification can be found for MacMonnies's *Civic Virtue* on this ground!); because through it they are able to get better acquainted with a fascinating period of history and understand the interests and ideals of another age; or because various emotions are stimulated by it, of which the patriotic, religious and sexual have perhaps been the most important. Portrait sculpture is undoubtedly the most popular branch of the art, preserving as it does a record of both historical and sentimental interest. All these are ends which sculpture has been made to serve by the public, and often enough by the artists themselves.

With them we need not here be greatly concerned. They are not terms in which sculpture as sculpture is to be evaluated. For the description may be to us practically without meaning; the period of its creation uninteresting; the non-æsthetic emotional appeal faint and fumbling; and the portrait one of a person with whom we feel no contact. And, for all this, the sculpture may have tremendous appeal if we see it with respect, not to these accidental things, but to its own essential nature.

In what, then, does the primary appeal of sculpture lie? I borrow a well-known phrase of Clive Bell's, and say, in its being "a creation of significant form". Whatever its subject matter, whenever and wherever it was created, it has "forms arranged and combined according to certain unknown and mysterious laws", which arouse in us that very definite experience we call æsthetic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Unknown and mysterious laws", yet easily apprehended in their effects, and sometimes capable of partial formulation. Certain lines and relations of lines, certain masses and arrangement of masses, do have that potency, as we see them often and reflect on them, to stir us strangely and summon us to ecstasy. This significant form has found various expressions, in varying times and places. Yet there is an obvious likeness in it all: witness Antenor's *Kore* in sixth century, B.C., Greece and Aristide Maillol's *Flora* of twentieth century Paris; a *Kuan Yin* of sixth century China, and carved spoons of the second Theban epoch in Egypt. Quite as interesting as the similarity are the inevitable differences, due to the temperament of individual artists reacting to particular environments. Great sculpture never has the quality of a copy. If we have real Classicists today, like Bourdelle, they have become such, in Cézanne's fine phrase, "by way of nature". They have none of that sterile and perfunctory grace which characterizes the work of neo-Classicists like Canova, or the neo-Renaissance school of French academics. Significant form is form with the sap and savour of growth.

Can this form be analyzed further? Well, sometimes in nature one finds immediately things so significant æsthetically that all the sculptor need do, apparently, is to give us a reproduction in marble or bronze, clay or wood. "If your head as it is now could always be in my atelier for me to look at," I heard a sculptor say to a model, "I'd never do it in clay." He conceived his task as Keats suggested the function of art in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn;* it is, in the midst of a world of change and decay, to seize those moments of superlative beauty and say to them, "Stay! you are too lovely to perish!" The fair youth beneath the trees shall never leave his pipes, the lover must forever love and the maiden be forever fair. Some faces seem to have enough formal character for such plastic immortality; the *Agias* of Lysippos, Houdon's youthful *Washington* and aged *Voltaire*, Rodin's superb *Legros*, Bourdelle's *Koeberlé*, are, purely in terms of form, significant statements.

But even so, the sculptor's account was inadequate. His fingers, itching for the clay, would never have allowed him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merely to contemplate. And his expression was not mere copying. Those heads are more (and less) than plaster casts from life. Sculptors give us creations of their own; they recreate the characters in terms of three things: the æsthetic idea, emotion and material. The artist represents what he has not only seen, but also pondered over, revised in his own mind, thought out, then felt, until only the æsthetically important in it remains. It is this emotion-arousing scheme, this "passionate apprehension of form", which he then tries to realize in his material. All great sculptors are idealists in this Platonic sense; they have worked from the particulars of sense to the *eidos*, subordinating all detail in the light of the essential form which reveals its meaning. The Olympian Apollo is less a person than a power, an abstraction expressive of the spirit of measure and serenity which Apollo suggested to the Greek mind. Bourdelle's *Beethoven* is less a man than the essence of Beethoven's music: the achievement of harmony through spiritual travail. Both put into the simplest and most summary synthesis certain ideas. They are created in sureness of conception and æsthetic ecstasy.

With the exception of architecture, no art is so well fitted as sculpture for such expression. Any sculptor who really knows and respects his material feels the amplitude, the permanence, the power of it; the silliness of using stone and bronze for trivial and momentary and accidental things; the demands it makes for sure, courageous and committal expression. Tricks of making stone masquerade as lace, and bronze as actual hair, do not figure in the technique of the great masters of those media. They have been less concerned about niceties of detail than essential formal relations.

So they have close kinship with the architects. Not only is their own substantive, three-dimensional work planned with a view to balanced masses and related lines, as is architecture, but one of sculpture's most cherished functions is actually the decoration of buildings. It is not strange, then, to discover that the greatest sculptors of all periods, especially in Greece and mediæval France, have almost invariably worked hand in hand with architects, realizing that the formal values of each could supplement and accentuate those of the other. Was it Degas who pointed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a nymph casually attached to a Paris building and exclaimed: "*Je la comprends, elle fuit l'architecture!*"

Some of the devices used to realize such form may be suggested. Sculpture employs all three dimensions. The flowing line of Bernard's *Girl with the Water Jar* or Karl Bitter's Plaza fountain figure is a one-dimensional delight to the eye. The decorative structure of the Ludovisi Throne is two-dimensional pattern, where the charm will be found to consist in the repetitions of a major theme, the contrasts to it, the totality of clearly-related balances. The Ægina Herakles, the *Apoxyomenos*, Carpeaux's *Four Continents* in the Luxembourg Gardens, give through a third-dimensional stimulation in constantly shifting contours the thrill of exquisitely-ordered movement.

* * *

Among the sculptors of our time, none repays study in these respects more than Ivan Mestrovic. This Dalmatian, who himself reminds me of some gentle, intense Byzantine saint, has succeeded in realizing the emotional concentration of an entire people. Such he conceives the function of sculpture, born of a necessity as compelling as religious faith or the passion for personal freedom.

"'Art for art's sake' is not a productive aim," he told me. "All great artists lack a sort of æsthetic introspection. It is their religious or patriotic emotions that demand expression. Not that this accounts completely for the artistic value of their sculpture; but work so related to the deepest feelings and purposes of men is irresistibly impressive. Modern art is sterile, especially that of Paris. Why? Because it lives in a hothouse world. One doesn't feel that it had to be created. Paris will not long remain the artistic centre of the world. Several small but vital schools will take its place."

I asked him if any of them would be in America.

"Why not?" he said. "America has the potential emotional intensity in her rich background of mixed races. If her artists will become less dependent on Paris and Rome, and commence to know and express the deepest experience of their own people, America will certainly take her place among those centres of living art."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under Mestrovic's leadership, Serbia has already won for herself such a place. In his art the suffering and endurance of five centuries and the exultation of final freedom from Turkish domination found expression. His projected Temple of Kossovo is to be a shrine dedicated to the memory of the Slavic heroes who died in 1389, fighting vainly to defend their land against Murad the First. Their names lived on in the Serbian saga, sung by the village *guslars*, and became a tonic for the spirit which finally in the nineteenth century regained freedom.

Mestrovic conceived the idea of this national memorial in his youth, and has been working on it since 1908. It is to be a temple of no sect or confession, he says, except "the religion of sacrifice"; "a synthesis of the popular ideals and . . . a central place for hopes in the future." Its plans are reminiscent of the Byzantine, but, like the Serbian race itself, have fused into the accomplished and rich patterns of the Byzantine a modern fibre and energy. The octagonal, escarped domes are harder, less suave than those of the monasteries in the Dalmatian hills; the uncompromising columns are reminiscent of the ancient Temple of Zeus at Corinth; curves are eliminated; the stark campanile, with its five stiff rows of figures, dominates the design. Altogether a structure singularly lacking in grace, but possessing an angular power.

This same robust and cruel energy resides in the sculpture. The six Caryatids on each side of the approach; the Sphinx, a tragic sister of the Naxian one at Delphi; Marco Kraljević, on his horse, Sarac, a group three times life size, within the domed hall; Serg the Terrible,—

"And who was that good knight who pierced the Turks two by two upon his lance and flung them over into the Sitnitza?"

"That was Srdja Zlopogledja."—

and the cortege of widows and martyrs along the side halls; all present a fascinating synthesis of brutality and tenderness, severe violence and persistent grace. They evidence that love of stylized decorative line in hair and drapery, that plastic mass and clear-cut structural articulation, dear to the Greeks. But one feels here another, and original, quality. There is an intensity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of twisted planes and tortured faces; the forms are shaken with tragic agitation. Marco and his horse are one, an avenging force; the hero's hair is swept back, his face gaunt and terribly brooding, the muscles brusquely exaggerated. In mood it reminds me of the words of a Serbian soldier: "This is our watchword in battle, 'For one tooth, thirty-two; for a hair, the head.' "

What severe intensity there is in the face of Serg, with its thin, fevered lips and its deeply shadowed eyes, the flesh built in clear, harshly-defined areas! Even in the more placid figures, such as *Memories* and *Mother and Child*, there is a series of opposing planes, which achieve their harmonious balance only through contrary thrusts.

* * *

Ivan Mestrovic was born in 1883, at Otavitze, near Little Kossovo. The son of a carpenter, his early life was spent in his father's shop and as a shepherd on the Dalmatian hills, among simple folk, singing their songs, dancing their peasant dances. At the age of eleven, he tells us, he carved his first wooden man. "I still remember that I had the impression of having unlocked a firmly closed door, or found a source of treasures whence I should be able to draw constantly."

When fifteen he was apprenticed to a stonecutter, and showed such promise that he proceeded to Vienna, where he first exhibited in 1902. From 1908 he worked at Paris on his figures for the Kossovo Temple, part of which he exhibited at the International Exhibition at Rome in 1911. His recognition was immediate. Since then he has been widely acclaimed, chiefly in Italy, France and England. He exhibited at London in 1915, in Paris in 1909 and 1919, and expects to bring his work to America.

His debt to older artists has of course been considerable. Metzner, that great German, undoubtedly developed his sense for architectural mass; but Mestrovic fused into this a tautness and wiry *élan* very much his own. Rodin's influence is apparent in some of the more carefully finished marble torsos; and with Maillol it is clear Mestrovic has found æsthetic kinship. Yet in intensity he has far surpassed any of his teachers and friends. Even his portrait heads have a glowering fever of feeling which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

belongs to the sculptor rather than the model. That of Sir Thomas Beecham impresses me curiously like English ballads sung by Valdimir Rosing; and even in the gentle dignity of Dr. Elsie Inglis one feels an undercurrent of sombre Serbian vigour.

A point deserving special study is the sculptor's treatment of drapery. When he is most successful, he employs it to relieve the strain of bodies and sullen or defiant faces. For example, in the head of Serg, the hair, with its double pattern of large, smooth masses and then quiet, wavy incisions, is soothing in contrast to the harsh planes of the face. The Caryatids are weary, but the drapery seems to soften their travail. In the *Dancer* the tempestuous motions are woven into unity by the stylized background of her long hair. His other use of drapery, to accentuate the prevailing agitation of the figure, is less happy, and sometimes, as in the *Moses*, actually grotesque.

Some of Mestrovic's most interesting work has been in wood. It was his earliest craftsmanship, an art always popular among the peasants of the Serbo-Croat towns. Here he has frankly copied the Byzantine mode, but has invested it with fiercer energy and more brutal conviction. It is certain that he knows and loves wood as few sculptors have; there is a peculiar, poignant vitality in *The Mount of Olives* and *The Deposition;* and *Christ and the Magdalen* is an accomplished work of very austere power. The least successful of Mestrovic's work is that in relief other than wood. I can find little to admire in the *Archers of Domogoi;* and the *Canadian War Memorial*, with its twenty identically posed figures in a stolid, mechanical pattern, appears to me stupid. One of his most popular reliefs, perhaps the best of them, is *The Maiden of Kossovo.* The mutilated hero, dying, tells the maiden the story of her sweetheart's death and points out the grave. His form sinks, his face is relaxed in death; she supports his limp body with her tense one, her eyes fixed in anguish ahead. There is a terrible poignancy in this; but it is relieved of the slightest trace of sentimentalism by the strong modelling of the bodies and the directness of the composition.

I have saved the finest work of Mestrovic until the end. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Portrait of My Mother*. In this restrained and enigmatic form, the brow, eyes and mouth and the clasped hands give all the essential lines of character. The day's work is over, and the mind recollects its suffering in tranquillity. Here the function of the lovely, stylized dress is to enfold all this and resolve it into a subdued harmony. Never has the sculptor expressed more adequately his synthesis of force and grace. Tenderness and intensity—these are the qualities which have made Mestrovic emotionally capable of realizing, as no other modern sculptor has, the passionate apprehension of form. He has seized upon the stuff of life, and forged it to significance in the clear flame of his mind.

WALTER AGARD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY HESTER DOWDEN

CONTENTION as to the value of a subject is a healthy sign. If sufficient interest is aroused to draw forth argument and discussion, it means that the matter in hand has a firm hold on public attention. If the contest survives for a long period, it proves that the individual as well as the crowd has been caught in. Psychical research, which at no very distant period we regarded as the collecting of ghost stories, has advanced steadily, in the sense that the meaning we attach to the term now involves the investigation of a wide range of subjects which have gradually proved their relationship to popular psychic phenomena. During the past twenty years we have added enormously to our knowledge of the human mind in the extended sense of the term. Whether we are nearer the solution of the question of human survival is a doubtful matter; in fact the extension of our knowledge of ourselves makes it more debatable, whether our supposed proofs of communication with discarnate spirits are proofs at all! It may be well to survey the field as dispassionately as possible and consider whether the subject deserves the widespread interest it excites.

Persons who are opposed to psychic study are divided into two groups: The determined skeptics, who put entire faith in their own comprehension of the Universe, and those whose very reasonable fears keep them at a distance from phenomena the nature of which is at present in the realm of speculation. The opinions of the determined skeptic are simple and can be summed up as absolute denial that anything outside what he calls "the natural" exists. He expends considerable labour and ingenuity in fitting conditions which seem abnormal into the normal scheme of things. We travel along with him to a certain point, but there our roads part; he becomes romantic in his efforts to keep firmly on the material plane, and we waste time if we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attempt to argue with him. The other objection, that to play with the subconscious mind or an unknown external entity is dangerous, is worth consideration. A good deal may be said in favour of the view of the Roman Catholic Church, which prohibits dealings with the spirit world through séances or any form of psychic exercise. The reason given for this prohibition is, I think, that only the lower spirit forms, which are evil, can be approached in this manner, and much that we psychical researchers meet with goes to support this idea. For the medium, undoubtedly, certain risks are always present. Whether these proceed from external sources or whether séance work puts an undue strain on the nerves, we cannot be sure. In the case of the professional, whose powers are constantly called upon, consequences may be very serious. The process of materialisation seems to open up special dangers. Disturbance when in a condition of trance may lead to grave physical conditions. An undue exercise of automatism may induce nervous prostration. Cases occur which look like obsession; these may, of course be attributed to multiple personality, or their origin may be due to an external influence; in either case a mental upheaval occurs which is undoubtedly alarming. We must also admit that the medium whose powers are overtaxed may be tempted to keep going by the use of drugs and stimulants, and ultimately drift into mental and physical ruin.

It is evident therefore that experiments in psychical research are not of the same nature as those of a purely scientific kind. They involve a certain degree of danger in that the nervous system appears to be the tool which is used by unknown influences, or, laying aside that suggestion, the continuous condition of whole or semi-hypnosis necessary for these manifestations is morbid and undesirable.

We are accused also of having achieved no satisfactory results. The question arises whether it is worth while playing with the dangers I have alluded to if our messages from the "other side" are as trifling and disappointing as they generally seem to be. Have we made any real progress since the Society for Psychical Research was founded? If we analyze our work done during the last twenty years, I fear we must admit that we have not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned much that we can confidently claim as evidence of a future life. Our labours have led us into new methods of studying the human mind and in this direction we have moved rapidly, but in spite of the vast amount of material brought forward by the great War, proof of survival still remains a matter of personal conviction. There has been no overwhelming evidence that the multitudes who died have merely crossed the border to shoulder further responsibilities on another plane where each personality continues its labours. In Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* we have what was to him an entirely convincing personal proof; but it can scarcely be said that it has been of more value generally than many hundreds of cases of the same nature which have been circulated among private friends. In the public séance room where the average results take place (allowing that fraud is absent) matters are much worse. Here we begin the campaign by a little music to create "atmosphere". A cracked gramophone will do or we will sing hymns just as we would do at a revivalist meeting. Materialization then takes place; a tambourine flies round the room, we hear raps from various quarters, objects are flung about; the medium is under control, and the "spirits" manifesting themselves through him or her occupy themselves like rowdy school children. Our evening has been quite exciting, but was hardly of the nature we should expect if we regard it as an approach towards a "higher sphere". I refer, of course, to the average public sitting. Occasionally we meet with a medium who offers us something more worthy of respect, less steeped in vulgarity and tediousness, but this is the exception.

Of the desirability of sittings for materialization or the raising of shades, I find it difficult to speak. They are, by believers, considered as affording convincing proof of survival; and by unbelievers they are regarded as a matter for scorn, unless they lead to the exposure of fraud. They are admittedly extremely dangerous for the medium, and the results are vague as a rule and sometimes positively repulsive. I think it may well be maintained that materialization is morally and physically evil. Physical prostration in the medium leads directly to moral prostration. Allowing that materialization is possible, it occurs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the physique of a living person; it is this "giving birth" to the apparition which endangers the sensitive. The actual material of which the appearance is formed is emitted from the medium's body. The physical prostration following should be tremendous. Small wonder that when this artificial process is frequently repeated the nerves are shattered, the body wearied, and fraud is resorted to. "Repeated" phenomena is what experimenters demand, and they are surprised when the over-taxed subject falls back on any subterfuge or stimulant that will keep him going. If the outward results only are to be counted, this process is of small value as compared with the injuries it may inflict, and it should be avoided. With this as with every form of psychic phenomena produced in the séance room, the very fact that it is forced is a danger in itself.

Leaving aside the perils of artificial investigation, let us dwell for a moment on the most disappointing aspect of our subject. If we are making excursions into a "higher sphere", why is the atmosphere of our sittings so banal? Indeed "banal" does not adequately express the intellectual level of our average séance. Our finest sensitives are controlled by creatures who would be anathema to us in everyday life. There is a continual epidemic of "little nigger controls" among spirit guides of professional mediums. They talk broken English and the level of what they have to say is quite in keeping with their avowed personality. At times they appear to put us in touch with a friend or relative who has "passed over", but the messages we receive from them are, in many cases, more trivial and commonplace than an ordinary conversation. Nothing of the surprise and wonder of the meeting of the living and the dead is there. We and our communicator have sunk to the level of the "little nigger control", raised by the hymns or the gramophone, and our critical faculty has gone down with the rest.

This last point leads us to another difficulty in connection with psychical research. To remain detached seems rare with those who study the subject. Our skeptic is a romanticist, so is our believer; they are as closely related to each other as the religious skeptic and believer. We find our converted skeptic as noisily credulous as a revivalist convert. Having stepped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the border, he is totally innocent of any critical power; he plays his pipe and marvels that the entire congregation does not fall in with the tune. Does he reflect that in accepting the theory that spirits are in touch with us he may reasonably look for a more rarefied mental state in them and be slow to accept as evidence a condition which appears, in many cases, less intellectual than ours on earth? His romance shatters the romance of the average religious Christian who believes that after death "we shall be changed".

In spite, however, of the disgust and nausea which imaginative persons feel when confronted with our actual evidence of human survival, there is abundant reason for the continuance of their study of psychic phenomena, if they regard results as mere indications or symbols of what lies behind; the chief gain from their labours being, that they have possibly progressed in admitting that powers exist, external to our world of small realities, which it is simplest to call "spiritual" powers. Whether these are the surviving part of those we loved on earth, or whether they are bodies of thought built up from a multitude of minds, we can only vaguely conjecture.

How do we arrive at the admission that we may touch the mystery of an after life? By patience and sanity we reach that point; by eliminating the greater part of what we meet with in our psychic studies, and preserving the little that seems of real value. In other words, by a process of selection which may be compared to the distilling of an essence, drop by drop. Let us assume that the student is prepared to pursue his work for five or six years and chiefly through his own experiments. He first realizes that his critical powers must be sharpened and trained if he is to gain any genuine evidence. He must begin therefore by training himself in accuracy of observation and in analysis of results. This awakens in him an interest in his own mentality. He observes himself and finds that he is making a new acquaintance. And so he branches off into a study of psychology which throws fresh light on all the psychical phenomena with which he is familiar. He wanders in this labyrinth of the mind problem, swayed this way and that; at one turn convinced that he has come to a clear understanding that the "supernatural" is a mere

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phase of the morbid mental condition; at the next, confronted with fresh evidence of a nature which knocks his theories to pieces and throws him back on the possibility that he is dealing with entities which are outside what he calls "reality".

Psychical research, if approached from the intellectual side, opens up a mental training which widens the understanding, in the fullest sense of the word an understanding of ourselves, and through ourselves, of others. Any student of psychology may be said to achieve as much. Our subject however offers an attraction which draws many into a consideration of matters which otherwise might have entirely escaped their attention. The simplest sitting for automatism sets going a train of thought which may have far reaching results. It offers a number of questions the answers to which involve a broadening of the intellect and an extension of education in what may be an entirely new field.

So far I have spoken of gain on the purely intellectual side from our psychic studies. The more important question, however, is whether we draw nearer to a solution of the problem of death and the hereafter by detaching our interests to a certain extent from this material plane, and turning them towards what seems a world of phantasy.

I must endeavour to meet some of the common objections which my friend the skeptic will bring forward at once. Hauntings, ghosts and premonitions, he will say, are all delusions of the human mind. Stories gain in the telling, and trifles easily explained have served as foundations for the whole mass of our evidence. This "mass of evidence" is one of our strong points, I feel. Let us, for convenience, divide our psychic phenomena into two classes. Hauntings and premonitions may be called "unsought phenomena", in that they frequently (though not invariably) appear unexpectedly, and to persons who are not necessarily mediums in the ordinary sense of the word. Séance work, on the other hand, is a definite effort to produce results through a person possessed of unusual powers under special conditions, and it affords greater possibilities for criticism and analysis than unsought phenomena. Our evidence of human survival through hauntings is unsatisfactory. No morbid mental

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

condition can explain away the fact that ghosts appear in certain localities; our "mass of evidence" in this respect is too overwhelming. But, allowing that the ghost is an established fact, if we believe we must cling to the scenes of our earthly existence in such a dismal fashion, it offers us little hope for an after life. It rather points to the supposition that our thoughts and emotions have built up a shadow which remains after we are gone, and is actually visible under conditions which we do not understand. A study of psychometry will suggest this explanation of hauntings; but by such means we do not become clearer as to any survival of the Ego; it seems rather that disintegration takes place, in a fuller sense than the severing of body and soul.

Premonitions afford a more convincing proof of communication between the living and the dead. These apparitions occur generally at the moment of death or immediately after, and may reasonably be classed as telepathic communications. Our "mass of evidence" for these premonitions is enormous. If we are forced to admit that we receive messages from those who are passing through the condition which we call death, we have to extend our imagination but a little to believe that it is possible to continue to communicate with them when they have reached a new phase of existence.

For proof of actual survival of the Ego, we must turn to the séance room. We must create conditions under which it is possible for mind to speak with mind, and for this purpose we must employ an assistant who has the power to detach himself (temporarily) from his body. Communication must, of necessity, be enormously difficult, for the discarnate spirit's efforts to convince us are of necessity largely tinged with the medium's personality. Hence the problem offered to us by all our communications from that "other side". Do we converse with our own memories; or, if the messages are genuinely from the dead, why are they of such a trivial nature and so totally unsatisfactory? Why do we gain no knowledge of our future state from them? Is it conceivable that our only means of speaking to those we loved should be permitted under such unworthy conditions?

Imagination is our constant friend and helper in daily life. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we ceased to exercise our imaginative faculty the consequences would be incalculable; we should sink to the level of the lower animals. We owe the best that the world contains to our powers of mental dramatization. Our artists are born of it, so are our scientists. When we approach the question of human survival, we should endeavour to do so dispassionately. Allowing that if we retain our memories after death, and pass on to different conditions, those conditions, which are unknown to us, probably admit of such slight contact between the living and the dead that a telephone message between Australia and England gives little idea of the necessary vagueness of communication from this world to the next. Imagination must be summoned to our aid if we are to treat the evidence at our command with any degree of fairness. Assuming that death is a severance of mind and body, and that the mental part survives, retaining its earthly memories; speech with the living is, of necessity, telepathic. If we consider how uncertain and slight our telepathic experiments between the living on this side are, should we hope for more definite results when the transmitter has passed on to another plane? Can we reasonably expect discussion on religion or philosophy under such circumstances? It is quite conceivable that what comes through is a mere symbol of the desired message. It generally reaches us by means of the control of the medium, who speaks through him; therefore it cannot be called direct in any sense. A letter written from a distant country is a mere symbol or summary of the daily life of the writer; a telephone message is even less personal; and yet the letter and telephone message are not expressed through an intermediary, much less through two channels, one spiritual, the other corporal.

We must allow for these difficulties, and take our "spirit messages" as mere symbols of what the communicator wishes to say. The change for him has been stupendous; he gathers up the shreds of his earth memories, and from these he hurriedly selects morsels which he imagines may identify him, and in transmission, these scraps may lose in value. All our communications point to the pain caused by the fact that the discarnate spirit cannot give much tangible proof of his presence. These rappings and clumsy attempts at materialization are, possibly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feverish efforts to convince where more subtle evidence is impossible.

As to the satisfaction to be derived from the séance room, I cannot speak personally. In many cases it affords immense help and comfort; to the more intellectual mind, however, it must prove disappointing, even if it carries conviction. We can only hope that if it is in reality a means of reaching those who have died, with patience and perseverance the means of holding converse may improve.

In summing up the arguments for and against the study of psychic phenomena, I feel that the balance drops heavily on one side. The "ayes" have it. Leaving out the question of survival, when we begin to explore the mysteries of the human mind, we find a wealth of fresh interest has opened up for us.

HESTER DOWDEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE PERILOUS FLIGHT OF A SONGBIRD[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ANYONE who is so naïve as to suppose that it is all beer and skittles to be an admired and famous singer, is advised to read and ponder without delay the remarkable adventures of the celebrated Blanche Marchesi, as recorded by herself. This lady is not only conspicuous in Europe as the daughter of the great teacher Mathilde Marchesi, but is widely known in her own right—or was, some years ago—as a singer who, marvellously enough, paraphrased Rossetti's advice to young painters and mixed her art with brains—for music, as we are all aware, might be defined as that art in which one can become illustrious though one possess only the intelligence-quotient of what psychology knows as "vegetative idiots". Many examples throng to mind. . . . But this is to be a scrupulously courteous article, all about Mme. Marchesi and her bloodcurdling adventures; and Mme. Marchesi, as we have just indicated, is anything but brainless.

It is a quarter century since Blanche Marchesi was heard in New York. She is remembered as a singer of wide and diversified culture, familiar with the best music, and obstinately choosing to sing it. She disclosed skill and taste as an artist, though her voice was not an extraordinary one, and she had no power to attract the groundlings who fall over themselves to hear singers of greater vocal endowment but infinitely less art and intelligence (what price intelligence in art, anyway? as our British friends would say). She was born—but no: we forgot for a moment that we were writing of a singer. Mme. Marchesi does not confide to her readers the year of her birth; and we have learned from long experience that singers', pianists', and fiddlers' birth-dates as given in the biographical dictionaries are

[1] *Singer's Pilgrimage*, by Blanche Marchesi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to be relied upon. We know that Mme. Marchesi was once a baby, because she mentions the fact in one of her chapters. We know that she was born in Paris; that she was brought up in a room situated between her parents' studios; that she made her début at Berlin in 1896. In the same year, she sang for the first time in Paris and in London.

In London, the Small Queen's Hall was three-parts empty; but "the critics of London were assembled in full force". The London critics, remarks Mme. Marchesi, "were at that time represented by eminent men. Among them were Arthur Hervey and Robert Hichens." Let us see. Among the London critics of our own day are Ernest Newman, Edward Evans, and H. C. Colles (now on *The New York Times*). Does Mme. Marchesi wish us to infer that in her view Mr. Arthur Hervey (who was an obscure *routinier*) and Mr. Robert Hichens (who as a music critic turned out to be a good second-rate novelist) were "eminent", and that Mr. Newman, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Colles—three of the most brilliant and influential of living writers on music—are (as Abe Potash would remark) something else again?

While we are on this parlous subject of critics, we might as well detach from Mme. Marchesi's highly vivacious pages what she says about the American brand of those no doubt pestiferous creatures. In England, she says, "when you are a real artist," it is "no ordeal, but a joy," to face the critics; because "there, more than anywhere else in the world, the critic is honest, unbiased, and, generally speaking, knows what he is talking about". Leaving comparisons aside for a moment, one may heartily agree with Mme. Marchesi as to the probity and the high professional ability of English music critics. But Mme. Marchesi has been in America; she remembers the American critics; and, turning her gaze in our direction, she now gives us what is, we believe, technically known as "a dirty look". It appears that in America, there is "So-and-so and So-and-so who can be bought". These So-and-sos dwell, she says, in New York and Boston. It appears that they are purchasable at pretty low rates, these New York and Boston critics who (in Mme. Marchesi's happy phrase) "can be got". They can "be got with a turkey, or a dozen of eggs, up to a large sum of money". Mme. Marchesi,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it should be said, excepts two honest American critics—men "whose opinions have justly made and undone reputations". One of these men is dead—he was Henry Edward Krehbiel. The other is Philip Hale. We should greatly like to have read Mr. Krehbiel's comments on Mme. Blanche Marchesi's imputation that his colleagues could be bought with "a dozen of eggs". We should like to read the enviable Mr. Hale's. We wonder why it is, if Mme. Marchesi's charge is correct, that music critics never get rich?

Mme. Marchesi's remarks about music critics are perhaps not worth more earnest comment than we have devoted to them; yet perhaps, after all, they are. Perhaps it is not a light matter when a singer of her eminence makes such reckless accusations, and when a reputable publisher prints them. Mme. Marchesi, though not an Anglo-Saxon, may perhaps know what is meant when an Englishman or an American speaks of a certain kind of behavior as "unsportsmanlike". If so, we wonder how she would characterize, on someone else's part, such venomously irresponsible besmirching of a class of professional men whose devotion to the art they love is so fanatical that they give laborious and difficult lives to it with no prospect of greater material reward than falls to the lot of an adequately unionized bricklayer?

But to return to Mme. Marchesi herself. We have seen that, having inferentially been born, brought up, and trained by her mother, Mme. Marchesi duly made her début twenty-seven years ago. She sang Brünnhilde (which name, by the way, Mme. Marchesi has not, in all these twenty-seven years, learned how to spell) in *Die Walküre* at Prague, and tried vainly to break into Covent Garden "in the season". She could not understand why she was not engaged by the Syndicate. "They call me to Festspiel performances of Wagner operas in Germany," she exclaimed to "one of the great critics of London", yet "here, where I live, I am not called". And now the plot begins to unfold: It appears that the fashionable Syndicate which then controlled the Opera in London had something agin' Mme. Marchesi. Just what it was, she never makes quite clear; but she is convinced that they would have stopped at nothing to keep her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from singing at Covent Garden during the regular season. Apparently they tried everything, short of putting her away in the Tower—at all events, a considerable part of Mme. Marchesi's autobiography is devoted to relating the bloodcurdling attempts that were made to defeat her ambitions. "If you should be engaged here," the "great critic" told her, "on that very day about ten box-holders would give up their boxes and retire from the Syndicate. As society rules the only operatic stage of importance we have in London, and as you have, apparently, very powerful enemies there, you will never appear on this stage."

It happened that Mme. Marchesi *did* sing at Covent Garden, however, but not in the regular season—only in the despised off seasons of opera in English, with the Moody Manners Company. But even under those humiliating conditions, Mme. Marchesi drew to her personal shrine "some very enthusiastic members of the smart set", including no less exalted a person than "a foreign prince". For one night she looked up into the Royal Box (it is on the left side from the stage, in case you ever sing at Covent Garden, and is larger than the other boxes). Who should be sitting there but the Duke Philip of Orleans! "As Philip d'Orleans is really, or would be," she tells us, "the rightful King of France, my interest was wide awake, and I was very charmed [*sic*] by his presence; but I never dreamed of what was to follow." Well, sir, the Duke came right back onto the stage and spoke to her,—and she in her bridal dress! (it was after the wedding scene in *Il Trovatore*, an opera sacred to the Ducal complex). "He spoke in the highest terms of the performance and of my singing, and promised to come again." At her next performance, indeed, this promise was fulfilled. There they all were—"the whole French Royal Family [*sic*] again in the box." And after the first act a basket of orchids was sent to Madame Marchesi on the stage, so huge that three men had to carry it. The orchids were pale lilac, tied with Orleans blue satin ribbon. Mme. Marchesi was touched, and her joy, she records, was unconfined.

A few pages further on, we find Mme. Marchesi at the height of her success. "I was overwhelmed with engagements of all kinds, having an enthusiastic Press, and Society at my feet." She sang before Kaiser Wilhelm and the Empress, and before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queen Victoria. On this latter occasion she "saw at once" that she "had won the heart of Her Majesty". The Queen addressed her "in a beautiful, loud, deep contralto voice", and conversed freely with the transported singer about the music she had sung. Mme. Marchesi, it is made known to us, was luckier in her meeting with Victoria than Emma Eames had been. "They told me at Court how nervous Emma Eames was the first time that she sang to the Queen, who really never forgave her for collapsing with fright in her presence, being unable to master her emotion. The Queen did not want to be feared—she wanted to be understood" [Mr. Strachey would not agree. But Mr. Strachey never sang for Queen Victoria].

The next day there was a tea party at Abergeldie Castle, and the Queen bestowed upon Mme. Marchesi the Diamond Jubilee Medal and her signed photograph. On the following day, the singer was asked (laughingly) by the Duchess of Connaught: "Madame Marchesi, the Queen has been made so happy by your songs, now what can I do to make *you* happy? I would like to give you a little joy, something special. What would you fancy?" This will recall, to some, King Herod's similar offer to Salome, after she had danced for him in the moonlight. But Madame Marchesi had no anti-Baptist grudge to satisfy, and her request was moderation itself, if slightly whimsical. "I answered [she tells us], Oh, that is very simple. I would like to hold a King of England on my knee."

Inasmuch as there was then, unfortunately, no King of England available, they gave her the best substitute they could find. The royal victim was the unsuspecting "Prince Eddie". So next day they brought the children in, and Mme. Marchesi enjoyed the most delightful tea-party she ever attended. At the table sat Prince Eddie, Prince Albert (then sixteen months old), with Princess Mary on the knees of her nurse. The two older children had tea; Princess Mary, naturally, was restricted to her bottle, which Mme. Marchesi had the high privilege of warming. At the end of the repast, Prince Eddie was exhorted by the Head Nurse to "say grace", whereupon "he lifted his little hands up and said, 'Oh, my good Lord, I thank you for the good tea, and can I have a little more?'" A while later,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said "one of those delightful things" whose memory is cherished by Mme. Marchesi. "What will you do," he was asked, "when you are King?" And he answered ("quite a little mite he was"): "When I am King, there will be in my country no sin, no check-reins for horses, and no puppies' tails cut." And so, no doubt, it will come to pass.

And now let us view the obverse of the shield: let us recount some of Mme. Marchesi's experiences of the malevolence of the world.

"It is not all joy!" begins Mme. Marchesi, in recounting these desperate adventures. Those "who wished to spoil her performances" seem to have been as ubiquitous, as sleepless, as demoniacally resourceful as the Villain in *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model*—who, if we remember correctly, first tried to throw Nellie from a precipice, then bound her to a railroad track, then sought to board her out in the lion-cage. But Mme. Marchesi was as miraculously lucky as Nellie. Like the late Nat Goodwin, after recounting a celebrated tale, she can remark: "Well, you see me here!" But it is wonderful that she is able to say it.

There was that night at the Royal Opera House in Prague, for instance, when the jealousy of her colleagues was revealed in so startling a way. Mme. Marchesi was making her début as Brünnhilde in *Die Walküre*. "Angelo Neumann, the most delightful manager I have ever seen yet, was able to arrange only piano rehearsals for me, though he showed me all the dangerous parts of Brünhilde's [*sic*] performance. To start with, Brünhilde has to come down from a mountain which is built up very high on the stage, to descend from which is quite an ordeal. Small wooden boards form the steps, which, overlooked, would prove quite dangerous to the ignorant performer. He showed me all the entrances and exits, but forgot a very important moment in Brünhilde's rôle, an omission which might have proved fatal. In the moment that Hunding and Siegmund fight above in the clouds, Wotan and Brünhilde are carried up simultaneously to the same height as the fighting couple on two platforms. I had not been shown any of this business in the morning, and when the *regisseur* approached me, saying, 'Madame, will you please step on,' showing me a little island platform not larger than a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tea-tray, with an iron bar at the back to lean against, I felt myself carried up into the air before I had been able to ask any questions of the manager. I was aghast. I only knew that my cue was: '*Triff ihn, Siegmund, mit deinem Schwert.*' Rising on this very primitive lift the thought suddenly struck me: 'Heavens! what have I got to do when I am up there?' and I answered it myself with: 'Well, you will have to step forward, lift your lance and cover Siegmund with your shield.' But I was not sure and had no one to ask for advice. Suddenly I perceived Wotan rising on the other lift and, not knowing even his name, I cried: 'Wotan, Wotan, what shall I do when I am up there?'

"'For heaven's sake, woman,' Wotan exclaimed, 'do not move from your platform.'

"At this very moment the lift stopped and I heard my cue in the orchestra, which was miles beneath me. I shouted, '*Triff ihn, Siegmund, mit deinem Schwert,*' and the very instant I pronounced the word '*Schwert*' the lift descended quicker even than it had risen, and with terror I realized that if I had really stepped forward, as I had intended, I should have been killed, because there was nothing but space between the rock on which Siegmund fought and the little lift that supported me. Still the incident did not disturb my nerves, and my first performance came to an end without a hitch."

Jealousy, as Mme. Marchesi observes, "reigns even among animals; therefore, how could it be possible that artists should not be jealous also? . . . Unfortunately there are in the artist's world some who have much power, being celebrated, wealthy, and strongly backed, who wish to crush on their road to success all those who may endanger their own full and unique position in public favor; and there are others, not content with this, who would annihilate any aspiring artists whose future glory might overshadow their own fame." As a further instance, there was what Sherlock Holmes might have called The Adventure of the Standing Death:

"In a performance of *Tristan*, hoping to create a still better impression in the Death Scene, and form a more poetical picture, I had said at rehearsal: 'Oh, tonight, when I throw myself on the dead body of Tristan, I will try to fall in such a way that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my fair hair will cover his body. I am sure that will look very fine from the front.' One of the small evil spirits lurking about in the wings thought that I was seeking a personal effect for success, not dreaming that I was thinking only of Isolde and not of Blanche Marchesi, and orders were given to spoil my second *Tristan* ending in a new fashion. In the last act, Tristan dies in front of the stage on the floor, and the '*Liebestod*' is always sung by Isolde bending down towards the dying man, and when Tristan has expired she dies herself, her head falling on Tristan's shoulder. What was my despair, astonishment, and horror, when, entering in the last act, I found Tristan dying on the high couch on which he lies at the opening of the act. A thousand thoughts crossed my brain in one second: 'Where am I going to die? How will I die?' Kurvenal was lying at the foot of the couch, Tristan was lying on the couch, and no place was left for me. On the stage you have no time to think, the music goes on and on, tears the thoughts from you and does not allow you to formulate a precise idea. You are carried away by the circumstances, the music and your rôle, and if any very difficult moment presents itself, as in this case, your spirit and your soul become two persons, definite, separate, working together to two different aims. I trusted in my histrionic instinct and felt that I would find the right thing to do, and when I had to die I found myself, at the end of the '*Liebestod*', standing behind the couch of Tristan, holding his head in my right arm, and dying erect, my head only dropped on his breast. Thus when the curtain fell, Isolde was *standing* dead!"

Later, there occurred The Adventure of Tannhäuser's Hundred-Yard Dash:

"In *Tannhäuser*, the weakest spot, in my opinion, is the meeting of Tannhäuser and Elisabeth preceding the scene with the minstrels. Tannhäuser comes down to the front to sing a very uninteresting short duet with Elisabeth, in which the candid Elisabeth tells him how sad she was in his absence, that everything seemed dead to her, but that, since he returned, life and the world bathed in sunshine, that she did not know herself any more, and turning to him she says: 'Tell me, what are these feelings, what do you call them, I cannot understand them.' To which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tannhäuser answers: 'It is love!' The dialogue is written on very modest and quiet musical lines and cannot be either shouted or even sung very loudly, as they form an intimate conversation between two lovers. But on this occasion, when I stood in front of the stage and turned my head sideways to speak to Tannhäuser, there was no Tannhäuser there. 'Heavens!' said I to myself, 'where is Tannhäuser?' And to my terror I saw him actually standing at the entrance door of the grand hall, which on the Covent Garden stage seems miles away. My artistic sense told me not to move, as it was quite impossible to leave the place assigned to me in the play. I realized also that this was a trick played upon me. I immediately decided to take my dignified revenge and sing the duet to the floor, looking downward, acting with such realism as to make it seem that somebody stood by my side, so that when the moment arrived when I had to say: 'Speak, and what is this?' and he has to answer: 'It is love!' Tannhäuser was forced to run down the whole stage towards the prompter's box and to turn in a semicircle to catch my eyes in order to give an answer to the question which was the culminating point of that scene."

But the worst that could possibly befall any singer in her public relations with envious and malignant colleagues did not happen, one is glad to learn, to Mme. Marchesi, but to "a very well-known soprano" who was singing *Cavalleria Rusticana* in the English provinces. According to Mme. Marchesi's account of this Adventure (which we cannot bring ourselves to entitle), this singer, "while taking the high A-flat in the duet with Alfio, lost her upper row of teeth. The baritone, who was more an enemy than a friend, instead of saving the situation, took them up and put them, with a gallant movement, on the table of the inn in the middle of the stage. Courage, presence of mind and tact are three qualities with which an artist of first order must be equipped. There are occasions where each one in turn will be required." That this was a supreme occasion for the exhibition of tact, nobody, we think, will deny.

Let us turn for relief to a gentler scene, in a setting a little nearer home. After a recital in Washington, Mme. Marchesi was invited by Mrs. McKinley to call on her at "White House"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(as Mme. Marchesi calls it). The invitation was for ten o'clock in the morning, and when the singer met the wife of the President, "and saw her pale face and fragile figure, so delicate and so ill," she "felt the greatest sympathy for her. . . . Mrs. McKinley asked me: 'Oh, Madame Marchesi, do sing me a song;' and to my greatest regret I had to refuse that request, saying laughingly: 'Oh, Mrs. McKinley, I wish I could; but I cannot do what the cocks do; they crow in the morning, and I cannot." We should say that Mme. Marchesi is unduly modest.

But we have saved the prettiest of Mme. Marchesi's paragraphs for the end. It is about dogs, men, and God. "Dogs," says Mme. Marchesi, "are made, I am convinced, by our beloved Creator to fill the gaps between human hearts. We cannot receive always that depth of constant unchanging affection that our dogs can give us. We can have our hearts filled with the love of God, and love from our surroundings is also welcome and necessary to our hearts—at least until we reach perfect detachment through resignation. But even then how sweet is the friendship of a dog. I am just vividly reminded of one of the many lovely things my once little boy said to me and put it down in these lines, as I think that the idea is so deep and consoling that it may be enjoyed by many. My boy Jerome, when four years of age, asked me one day: 'Mamma, can we never see God?' 'Not in this life,' I answered, 'except through our spirit'; and to make it clearer to him by a comparison I added: 'You see, darling, we are but creatures limited in our human body; God is limitless and we can only understand Him as far as our mind can go. There is just the difference between you and your dog as there is between God and you. Your dog even sees you with his human eyes, but can only grasp to a certain point all concerning him and you. All he can really do is to love. So must we, because love is the link.' 'Oh,' said the child, 'I see. Then we are God's dogs and we are the dogs' gods.'"

How simple, and how true!

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

GERMANY surrenders. That is the outcome in the Ruhr; confidently expected from the beginning by those whose eyes saw things as they were and whose consciences were not commercialized. What the Allied and Associated Powers failed to do in ending the war, France and Belgium alone have done in enforcing the terms of peace. The achievement should be appreciated in this country, where "unconditional surrender" is still a cherished tradition; though it may embarrass some who have been doubly and trebly cocksure of its impossibility. "A mere gesture" was the least opprobrious thing they could say about it. Sometimes, however, a great deal depends upon who makes the gesture. Incidentally, what a comment it is upon the perfervid protestations of only a little while ago, that the Berlin Government had absolutely nothing whatever to do with the "passive resistance" in the Ruhr, which was entirely spontaneous and voluntary on the part of the people! It would not be easy to recall a more convincing confession of falsehood perfidy.

The tragic clash between Greece and Italy was precisely, in every detail as well as in general purport, the sort of thing that the League of Nations was created to deal with, the power and the duty of the Council and indeed of all other members of the League to take immediate and strenuous action being as unmistakably declared in the Covenant as that twice two are four is in the multiplication table. Yet at the first suggestion that the Council should do something in the matter, Signor Mussolini said that if it did, Italy would be confronted with the problem of remaining in or leaving the League; and he added: "I have already decided in favour of the latter course." Italy, it must be borne in mind, is a charter member of the League and one of the "Big Five" of the Council. At that challenge the League

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promptly abnegated its authority, and let the Council of Ambassadors attend to the matter, in the old-fashioned way: and then appealed to its own Permanent Court to tell it whether it had any business to meddle in the affair or not, quite after the manner of the befuddled Congressman who demanded, "Where was I at?" No wonder that Dr. Robertson, Principal of the University of Birmingham and a leading member of the League of Nations Union, characterized this as a "lamentable and lame conclusion", and said for himself and his fellows in the Union: "We are not prepared to give either our time or our money in advocating the claims of an international organization the authority and competence of which have been successfully defied and repudiated." No wonder that the Archbishop of York perceives that "at the first serious challenge" the Covenant of the League is "treated as 'a scrap of paper'."

Spain has been the scene of a strange turn of the wheel of political fortune. Only a few years ago Marshal Primo de Rivera, one of the ablest and most distinguished soldiers of the Peninsula, was compelled to resign his place as Minister of War by the hostile intrigues and machinations of the military Juntas which had been formed to control the Government. Now he has returned to supreme power as a practical military Dictator, with the army at his back. His revolution, which seems to have been in no sense anti-dynastic, may bring great good to Spain if it restrains that country from further disastrous exploits like that in Morocco, which he vigorously opposed, and if it rids it of the "rotation for spoils" system under which the political parties arranged between themselves for alternating leases of power, with the natural result of "government for graft only".

Not the least impressive and suggestive features of the European situation today is the dominance of military or semi-military dictatorships in most of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. In Turkey, Kemal; in Greece, a group of army officers; in Italy, Signor Mussolini and his Black Shirts; in Spain, Marshal Primo de Rivera. We may not reckon it a repudiation of Parliamentary government, but at least it seems like a rebuke

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of some of the Parliamentary methods of late years, and perhaps an arraignment of the system under which a political legislature is made supreme over the executive and judicial departments, and a turning toward some system under which the latter departments shall be coördinate and independent, as they are in the United States. With such an inclination manifest in Europe, there is a touch of irony in the agitation in the Philippines for the abandonment of the American system there and the substitution of the European in its place; an agitation which had its origin in the suggestion and encouragement given by a former nominally American Governor-General.

Amid the indescribable woe of Japan it was good to know that American relief was the first to arrive; as also that, following the fine traditions of our Navy, there was no subservience to red tape and precedence, but our officers placed themselves and their men at the command of whatever most effective authority they found. The work in hand was to succour the suffering, no matter whom they were, and no matter under whose direction. A characteristic contrast was presented by Soviet Russia, in sending relief supplies on the express condition that they be used for only certain designated classes of the people, among whom it was thus hoped to make converts to Sovietism. Of course the Japanese Government nobly and honourably refused to accept the insulting and inhuman offer. It will be recalled that formerly the Soviet Government agreed to admit American relief for Russian famine sufferers only on condition that it be distributed by Bolshevists to Bolshevists and by and to nobody else. There really seems to be need of another Canning, to portray some twentieth century Friends of Humanity.

Close upon the heels of the unprecedented cataclysm of nature in Japan came an equally unprecedented disaster to our Navy on the California coast, due probably to a conjunction of abnormal natural forces and some innocent but fatal aberration of the human factor. That sea currents and even atmospheric conditions were materially affected for the time by the stupendous convulsion at the other rim of the Pacific, is altogether probable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would surely be extraordinary had it not been so. Indeed, we may assume that the seismic shocks which were felt shortly after the Japan earthquake, in regions as remote as Persia, Italy and Great Britain, were all in some way connected with the major phenomenon. In the last analysis, however, the human factor is of most interest. Consider the circumstances of these navigators, driving their vessels through strangely troubled seas, with contradictory directions. The charts, the sea, told them one thing; the radio, the air, another. And both sea and air were in an abnormal state. What to do, which must be done without an instant's hesitation? Human nature gives the answer. They knew the sea; they did not know the radio. They trusted to the sea, which never yet had failed them. It was an error, as the event showed. But it was precisely the error that would have been made by almost any men of good sense and sound judgment in their places. For emphasis, we have only to imagine what would have been said had the selfsame disaster happened as a result of their ignoring their familiar, trusty charts and listening instead to nothing but the voices in the air.

No sadness nor melancholy but only fitness and beauty attend the passing of such a personage as John Morley,—I never could feel at home in calling him "Viscount", any more than in ennobling peerage titles by pinning them to the names of James Bryce and Arthur Balfour,—rich in many crowded years of life and manifold unblemished fame. Perhaps I might even be pardoned for seeing a touch of humour in the wide renewal of the threadbare phrase, "last of the great Victorians". To how many of his predecessors in decedence was it applied? I hesitate to disclose the tally. And to how many more will it yet be applied? I am no Valkyr, to designate those who are to be taken. But it would take more than the fingers of one hand to enumerate those who are certain yet, in coming years, thus to be known; and who are and will be as worthy to be known as "great Victorians" as those to whom the title has been given. Howbeit, in all the goodly company there were and are few more worthy thus to be known, with special accent on the "great",

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than "Honest John" Morley. He was a great editor, in a time when editorship was a greater profession than it is today. He was a great biographer, critic and man of letters. He was a great ethical leader and teacher—witness his address, nearly fifty years ago, at the opening of the Midland Institute; which for what I may call sheer spiritual eloquence is scarcely surpassed in all the treasure-house of English classics. And at least in intellect, and above all in an integrity that was always *sans peur et sans reproche*, he was a great statesman in a time of greater average statesmanship than the present. If late he faltered once, he was the one man of all to whom that faltering—of the will, not of the soul—can be forgiven.

Probably nothing filled the closing days of John Morley's life with more serene satisfaction than the status of Ireland. He was the one commanding figure among the Gladstonian-Parnellite Home Rulers that invariably commanded the respect of even the most aggressive and truculent Unionists. The business was incongruous and distasteful to him, but he carried it on in the true spirit of *noblesse oblige*. He lived to see Ireland invested with a far greater degree of Home Rule than even he, with all his idealism, had ever conceived for her. He saw the Free State established, its first Parliament run its fruitful course, and its second Parliament elected. Perhaps most notable of all, he saw the land question finally settled in a far more radical manner than he would ever have ventured to propose. That question was as much the crux of the Irish problem in Parnell's time as emancipation was in O'Connell's; the original Nationalist party was called the Land League. The Land Leaguers then demanded nothing more than fair rents and perhaps a chance for tenants to purchase the holdings they occupied. But the first Dail Eireann of the Free State enacted a measure making it compulsory upon landlords to sell their land, and compulsory upon the tenants to purchase it. John Morley in 1885 would probably have disapproved such a proposal, as too extreme; as would pretty much everybody else. Doubtless in 1923 he regarded it with approval, just as everybody else acquiesces in it as quite the right thing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The adoption of the Gregorian Calendar instead of the Julian by the Greek Orthodox Church meant the elimination from its annals of all dates between September 30 and October 14, and the nominal loss of two weeks of time to all the millions of that faith. It also meant the final unification of the entire civilized world in a common system of time reckoning. For nearly three and a half centuries two calendars had prevailed. It was in October, 1582, that the Gregorian was adopted by the Roman Catholic Church, the days from the fifth to the fifteenth of that month being dropped. It was not until after the middle of the eighteenth century that England and America made the change from the Julian to the Gregorian. It was not until after the World War that the countries of Eastern Europe began to make it; Russia in 1918, and Roumania and Serbia in 1919. Bulgaria and Greece, and the Greek Orthodox Church, waited until the present year; oddly enough making the change in the same month in which it was originally begun, three hundred and forty-one years before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CHANCE, LOVE, AND LOGIC. By Charles S. Peirce. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

Despite the essential difficulty of the subject matter, despite the strain involved in attempting to follow reasoning presented in the strictest logical and mathematical forms, despite the fact that Peirce was in no sense of the word (like William James) a popular writer, every intellectual reader will find the philosophy of Peirce as presented in *Chance, Love, and Logic* intensely interesting because genuinely original. It is not merely that the ideas may be new to the reader; this, in fact, is not likely to be altogether the case. It was William James who popularized "Pragmatism" and it was Josiah Royce who developed (in his own way, of course) Peirce's idealism. But in reading Peirce himself, one has irresistibly the feeling of being at the source—where ideas rush out with all their original heat and impetus. Peirce is not merely (like William Kingdon Clifford) heroically logical. Indeed, there was in Clifford's logical heroism a something Puritanical which has not failed to offend, in a mild degree, others besides James. But Peirce is impetuously logical. He exhibits a willingness to be, if necessary, suicidally logical. One feels that he has the courage to emulate Empedocles. "Let the consequences be as dire as they may, one thing is certain: that the state of the facts, whatever it may be, will surely get found out, and no human prudence can long arrest the triumphal car of truth—no, not if the discovery were such as to drive every individual of our race to suicide." There is thus in Peirce a somewhat terrifying willingness to go to extremes—to conceive of truth, for example, as possibly a Juggernaut; and there is also an equally daunting readiness to state and to meet objections that may seem to reduce his arguments to absurdity—a readiness far exceeding the "fairness" of the controversialist or the conventional detachment of the ordinary philosophic mind. It all seems a part of a temper that does not shrink from carrying logic to the point of self-destruction. But this kind of logical "frightfulness" in fact explains the fascination of Peirce's thinking. It appeals to something deep in human experience—to one's "tragic sense of life," perhaps; and this appeal is operative both when one does and when one does not feel irresistibly constrained to accept the philosopher's conclusions.

Two specimens of Peirce's reasoning may here be given as illustrative of the manner in which a singularly original and drastic method of thought may result for the reader either in extraordinary lucidity or in bewilderment.

The first of these explications has to do with the problem of free will. The problem, says Peirce, has no meaning except what is represented in some such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question as this: Suppose that I have done something that I am ashamed of, could I, by an effort of "will" have done otherwise? This question is capable of two answers which, though verbally inconsistent, are both true. Arranging the facts so as to bring forward the truth that I now ought to blame myself for my shortcoming, "it is perfectly true to say that if I had willed to do otherwise than I did, I should have done otherwise. On the other hand, arranging the facts so as to exhibit another important consideration, it is equally true that when a temptation has once been allowed to work, it will, if it has a certain force, produce its effect, let me struggle how I may." The point is that "there is no objection to a contradiction in what would result from a false supposition"—the supposition, in this case, implied in the words "by an effort of will." In other words, the function of a *reductio ad absurdum* is to show that contradictory results would follow from a hypothesis which is consequently judged to be false. Here the hypothesis was false to begin with! Such questions, says Peirce, are not questions of fact, but of the *arrangement* of facts.

Is this not strikingly clear? Is it not an unexpected improvement upon any previous analysis of the free will perplexity? And it all comes from a rigorous application of Peirce's Pragmatism and his logic.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that when we are confronted with some of the consequences of Peirce's doctrine of chance, we are likely to balk. The inferences, though they are strictly logical, appear more fantastic than those of Relativity. To Peirce as a Pragmatist it seems clear that probability is simply the *frequency* with which a certain result occurs when an experiment is repeated. There is no sense, therefore, in speaking of the probability of a single event. This conception, to be sure, leads to some quite satisfactory conclusions. It negatives the idea that the chances of a totally unknown event are even; it leads to the pregnant remark that "the relative probability of this or that arrangement of Nature is something that we should have a right to talk about if universes were as plentiful as blackberries." But the philosopher does not shrink from presenting an absolutely critical case. Suppose, says he, a man had to choose a card from either of two packs, one of which contained twenty-five red cards and one black card, while the other contained twenty-five black cards and one red. The conditions are that if he chooses a red card he will go straight to Heaven, but that if he gets a black card he will be condemned to eternal punishment. Thus, in the nature of the case, the experiment cannot be repeated. True to his principle, Peirce argues that, though it cannot be doubted that the man ought to choose from the pack having the greater number of red cards, still, as an individual, he can have no *logical* reason for doing so—a single event has no probability. His only *logical* reason for choosing as he does arises from a consideration of what would follow if other men subsequently followed his example. Therefore, in order to be logical, one must be unselfish! Q. E. D.

In this, as in the preceding instance, one has the feeling of being landed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhere with great force. But where? Is it perhaps in a verbalism? It is hard to say: one has so little experience, outside of mathematics, of this logical ruthlessness—this adherence to logic in the face of everything, this apparent unconsciousness of any necessity for reconciling logic with "common sense"! The author is merciless to that human weakness which makes us distrustful of conclusions arrived at in ways that we cannot readily conceive or relate to ordinary experience.

To outline the philosophy of Peirce and to relate it in any degree that would be at all worth while to other philosophies, would require a book at least as long as the one under review. Even Peirce's editor, Mr. Cohen, and Professor Dewey, seem not to have added much by their respective commentaries to the clearness of a series of discussions which were probably not originally intended to form one rhetorical whole, and in which the reader must make all sorts of connections and reconcilements for himself. Only a few leading points may here be suggested.

Peirce was a Pragmatist in the sense of believing that "the meaning of a concept is to be found in all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of the concept could imply". The truth, however, is independent of what any one may think about it. This doctrine does not set out to test truth on the principle that the truth is "whatever works in practice", and it appears to leave no room for a Will to Believe. The truth is whatever conclusion would be arrived at by sufficient inquiry. "The reality of that which is real [depends] on the real fact that investigation is destined to lead at last, if continued long enough, to a belief in it."

The pragmatic conception of truth necessitated, as has been already suggested, a revision of ideas about the nature of probability. At the same time the doctrine that the whole meaning of an idea is contained in all its conceivable consequences would seem to enhance immensely the significance of probability itself as a factor in logic. The mathematical conception of probability was applied to logic, and to probability the idea of continuity, drawn from certain modes of scientific reasoning. Peirce thus constructed for himself a powerful engine of investigation. It brought him to a conclusion perfectly consistent with his original conception of truth. Since all knowledge rests on induction, and since all induction is, strictly speaking, imperfect, all knowledge depends upon probability. But the probability of an induction can never be exactly known. We must therefore infer that "all human certainty consists merely in our knowing that the processes by which our knowledge are derived are such as must generally have led to true conclusions."

The special applications of this philosophy are often remarkable, not to say astounding. To accept them all does not, however, appear necessary in the sense that a denial of any part implies a rejection of the whole; for what Peirce presents is not a creed or concatenated system, but rather a series of methods or working ideas. To compare and assimilate all the ideas set forth even in this segment of Peirce's work with the rest of one's active ideas would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be, of course, a virtually impossible task for a layman in philosophy; and it may be shrewdly doubted whether such assimilation is ever really accomplished even by professional philosophers. There is always some part of a philosopher's thought which others do not understand as he understood it, and perchance some part that he himself scarcely understood. Thus it often appears that his real influence is a kind of by-product of his labors. In the case of Peirce's work, even the layman can appreciate the fact that here is liberalizing thought pushed to its furthest extreme—thinking that tends at every risk to give the greatest freedom and hence the greatest interest to human thought and thus to human life. Such a book as this volume of Peirce's essays, like the Bible, or like the rediscovered classics of the Renaissance, works quite as much by its example and by its inculcation of a certain type and method of thought as by its success in securing total acceptance.

ROMAN PICTURES. By Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This series of sketches by the author of *The Craft of Fiction* is itself a fine product of the craft of story-telling—a triumph of that indirection which finds directness out and of that subtlety of method which secures clearness and simplicity of effect. The theme is a half-earnest, half-playful search for "the real Rome" on the part of a young English visitor. Now, where ought one to look for the true Rome or the true any other place? Is it to be found by association with certain persons or groups? The theory appears plausible. One thing at least is certain: the transient cannot discover the secret for himself: his ideas are sure to be naïve; he must abandon his preconceived ideas and his prepared sentiments; he must "come out of his books." This truth was firmly impressed upon the hero of the tale by his sophisticated friend Deering. Deering introduced him to Cooksey, who performed some obscure function at the Vatican and who could speak with authority concerning Cardinals. Through Cooksey he made the acquaintance of Mr. Fitch, the gentlest of antiquarians, and of Mr. Fitch's clerical friend, Mr. Maundy. Not being satisfied that he had thus plumbed the mystery, the hero then diverged upon unauthorized adventures of his own, meeting people queer enough in all conscience, but obstinately individual and somehow lacking the true Roman stamp.

There were first the two Italian ladies who proved to be so English in their tastes and aspirations that they put the Englishman to shame for the unorthodoxy of his Anglicism. Then there was Madame Shuvalov, that strange, down-at-the-heels cosmopolite. There were, moreover, Fräulein Dahl—who, come to think of it, was German, though mystically enshrined in the Castel Gandolpho—and her friend, Miss Gilpin, the author, who had quite enviable connections.

If these people were unable to communicate the secret, could one hope to find it out in the circle of Miss Gainsborough, descendant of fighting, bullying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English squires, with her tough stalwart opinions. Miss Gainsborough, domesticated in a dwelling upon the Corso, had certainly surrounded herself with a Roman atmosphere of a sort, and ably played her conception of a Roman part. Nevertheless the hero went away baffled. If anybody possessed the secret he was in search of, it was surely the learned professor who lectured so terribly in the Forum. He possessed at least a genuine secret,—if enthusiasm may be allowed to vouch for genuineness in matters of this sort,—but whether it was *the* secret or not remained obscure on account of the professor's remarkable inability to communicate it. After the Forum, the studio—Mr. Vukery's studio, with its tarnished romance and its sentimental disappointments. Finally, contact again with Deering, who, despite the fact that his friend had wandered to that place whither Deering himself would finally have led him,—namely, to the palace of the Marchesa,—continued to scoff at him as a hopeless outsider.

Is the secret, then, just this: that there is no "real Rome", the same for everybody—that Rome is made up of all kinds of people? Certainly this is a part of the discovery, and it is amusingly revealed. But the revelation is not so much a jest in itself as an occasion for the exercise of a gentle and piercing humor. These people posing as representative of the real Rome, or taking themselves seriously as in some way especially real or significant through being in Rome, or at any rate provisionally accepted as such by a young stranger, are so delicately exposed in all their obviousness! Mr. Lubbock has discovered a point of view that is for the purpose of a plotless narrative ideal. Every person in the tale can be so fully displayed without the least unnaturalness, without the slightest commitment of the narrator to a false attitude or the need of obtrusive comment from him. The fiction about the search for the real Rome supplies an admirable thread for random social adventures, and gives just that philosophic detachment which makes rather intimate revelation an easy thing.

But the skilful use of this device does not exhaust the resources of Mr. Lubbock's art. Beneath the more easily appreciated jest about the futility of the search for the real Rome, is the subtler paradoxical jest that the real Rome is there all the time. Made up, it may be, partly of impressions brought by the visitor and partly of miscellaneous facts, the atmosphere of Rome, as something composite yet distinct, is all the more apparent because its evocation does not seem to be the principal purpose. So there are several layers of reality in Mr. Lubbock's book—a fact which testifies to the writer's craftsmanship, and which gives the reader much pleasure.

The whole is a charming little mystery of place and character—a mystery acted out rather than explained, as mysteries in the antique meaning of the word always were, and in the finer sense highly dramatic. In this playful tale, moreover, place and character have at once more substance and more delicacy of definition than they are commonly found to have in serious and largely designed novels.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEPHERD'S CROWNS. By Lady Grey of Fallodon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

If any proof were needed of the fact that a somewhat mystical interpretation of life is perfectly consistent with a wholesome, sunshiny, and even matter-of-fact attitude toward things in general, it would be supplied by the literary essays which stand side by side with the essays on more occult themes in Lady Grey's book. When Lady Grey writes on such subjects as fables and folklore, Salisbury Plain, the singing of birds, the story of Joan of Arc, she does so with a clearness of vision, a quiet sensitiveness of perception, and above all with an untroubled mind, that are rare in this age. Her appreciation of Chaucer, who has been so many things to so many men, illustrates these qualities: "When he tells of the familiar things, those things that Wordsworth calls 'a temperate show of objects that endure,'—things of eternal loveliness that cannot be smirched or hindered by any of the ways of men,—when he gives one the sense of the clean rain in one's face, and the scent of the newly turned earth about one, then the distance of time when such lines were written is set entirely at naught." Criticism of this sort, in these days when a psychological, or at least a very subtle, reason for the appeal of every author must be found, is uncommon and refreshing. The secret would seem to be that Lady Grey has found a way of having faith in the things that she writes about, as possessing a permanent and supersensual value and meaning.

What matters it that this state of mind, so evidently normal and desirable, is associated with ideas quite questionable in themselves? The author carries one a long way with her in her discussion of "the Way"; for the words she there speaks are as simple as Scripture and come directly from religious experience. She carries one nearly as far in her essays upon dreams. When will men cease to attach importance to such visions as that described in *Six Words of Assurance?* Of "spiritualism" she gives so mild and happy a version that she half reconciles one to the idea of the thing. But when she sets out upon the mere lore and pedantry of mysticism, as she does in her exposition of symbols, one soon parts company with her.

The specific mystical ideas do not, however, much matter. What counts, what really influences the reader in every part of the book, is the point of view, the unaffected spiritual-mindedness—a thing ever so much more real and more elusive than most of the ideas into which it happens to flow. The conclusion which emerges is that, independently of particular beliefs, there exists what is traditionally called a "spiritual" way of apprehending things, which is as different from what is called a superstitious way of apprehending things as pure water is from muddy water. This way of receiving experience is generally felt to give a peculiar cleanness, clearness, and acuity to consciousness, whereas superstition disturbs, confuses, and muddles the mental processes necessary to happy life. Such a conviction, not attainable through analysis but only through at least a literary contact with spiritually minded and adequately expressive persons, is surely not without importance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The economics of the hour, according to Mr. Strachey, is essentially the old economics, the economics of Bastiat. After being frightened by the threat of a coal strike one is perhaps not exactly in a mood to be grateful for Mr. Strachey's restatement of fundamental rules. One is haunted by the query whether in a somewhat changed and still changing order of things, the old rules are sufficient. The author's point of view is, however, that of English Liberalism. Mr. Strachey is a thorough individualist. "A system of unfettered free exchange is," he believes, "the best possible organization of the community." There is to be the least possible interference on the part of government with individual initiative, and this "least" is very little. Women and children in industry cannot, to be sure, be expected to look after themselves efficiently. These accordingly may require state protection as better than nothing. But on the whole every person looks after his own interests better than anyone can look after them for him. In the largest view, it may be seen that things are in the long run automatically regulated by immutable laws. Disturbing factors may be discounted. All of which is beautifully clear in theory, in the ideal case: one's only doubt is as to the sufficiency of the doctrine.

For example, Mr. Strachey says: "Every man, so long as he obeys the law, has a right to choose what voluntary obligations he will undertake—to choose, that is, whether he will or will not belong to a Trade Union. To force him to join by threats of violence or by intimidation in any other form is a criminal act, and one which is not only punished by courts of justice, but condemned by all wise men." In this unexceptionably legal view of the case there is no apparent recognition of the fact that in many instances the worker can have no real choice as to whether he shall join the union or not. Collective bargaining negatives individual bargaining. The time may indeed come when the former principle will be so far recognized that men may be required to organize in order that they may be bargained with. What then becomes of individual rights in industrial bargains?

Again, Mr. Strachey reminds us that capital and labour are partners in industry. It follows that "to strike for higher wages if the increased cost is to come out of the payment made to capital when that payment is already only at, or perhaps below, the market price, would be most foolish, and would end in driving capital out of trade". It is perhaps a weakness of individualism tacitly to assume that the simple promulgation of such a truism can be relied upon in the long run to prevent strikes without the assistance of any administrative machinery or industrial reorganization to give the old principle new effect.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STATE BANKS NOT DESTROYED

SIR:

In your magazine, Justice Rosenberry, in his article entitled *Development of the Federal Idea*, says: "In 1863 State banks were supplanted by the National Banking System." And he tells us how they were done away with by taxation. This, however, did not happen.

Only the *circulation* of State banks was taxed out of existence; the banks themselves were not destroyed. Thousands of them are still carrying on, some inside of the Federal Reserve System and some independent of it. In 1863 it was desirable to get rid of the old State bank money, much of which had only doubtful value. Nobody attacked the banks.

J. HOWARD COWPERTHWAIT.

Englewood, N. J.

SIR:

Mr. J. Howard Cowperthwait is correct in saying that the statement referred to in the communication above is not strictly accurate. State banks were supplanted as banks of issue. As he says, everyone knows that State banks still exist, and it is equally well known that the power of taxation was used by the Federal Government to limit and practically destroy them as banks of issue. For that reason, it was not thought necessary to amplify the statement.

M. B. ROSENBERRY.

The State of Wisconsin,
Supreme Court Chambers,
Madison.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF WELFARE LAWS

SIR:

In her article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on *Ten Years' Work for Children*, Miss Grace Abbott, speaking of the Shepard-Towner Maternity Bill, says:

"Suits were brought by the State of Massachusetts and by a taxpayer to test the constitutionality of the measure. A decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court in June, 1923, to which there was not a dissenting vote, has ended the controversy, so the work can be pushed without danger of its suddenly coming to an end on the ground of unconstitutionality."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The last statement may be true, but I think your readers should also know that the Court did not decide whether or not the Shepard-Towner Act was unconstitutional, but held that neither the State of Massachusetts nor Mrs. Frotheringham, a taxpayer, had a right to bring a suit to test the constitutionality of the appropriation. It may be that this closes the door to any judicial test of the constitutionality of the act, which would be most unfortunate. No court has ever held that the so-called "general welfare clause" granted any power whatsoever to our Federal legislative agency. The matter is very clearly and concisely stated by Judge Marvin B. Rosenberry in his article on the *Development of the Federal Idea* in the same number of the REVIEW, where he says:

"There has come into existence during recent years, by accident or design, an extra-constitutional method, by which the Federal Government has sought to influence and control State Governments. Stated in plain terms the Federal Government says to the States: Here is an appropriation which is available to you under certain conditions. As a rule these conditions are that a like amount shall be appropriated by the State Government for the purpose indicated in the bill making the Federal appropriation. There is a further stipulation that certain conditions relating to intra-State affairs are to be complied with as a condition of receiving Federal aid. This scheme, by which the Federal government in effect exercises legislative power in relation to education, public health, and other kindred subjects strictly within the police power of the States, is an innovation upon our constitutional system. There seems to be no limit to the activities of the Federal Government when the matter is approached from this angle. . . . By means of this method the Federal Government in effect purchases a right to interfere in the local affairs of the States which accept the Federal bounty."

DAVID H. MORTON.

New York.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MINUTE

SIR:

The article by Mr. Julian S. Huxley in your REVIEW, *A Journey in Relativity*, makes most entertaining reading. Mr. Huxley's little contribution is quite accurately calculated to bring forward a vivid mental picture of the infinitesimals and the infinites. But in his delightful picture has he not overlooked one circumstance that would perhaps add tellingly to his comparisons —the relativities between small and large?

When he reduces us (and I say us because he carries his reader along with his actor) to infinitesimal dimensions, and describes our sensations as though we were being bombarded by a multitude of tennis balls, does he not overlook the probable fact that by the time we are down to such a size that molecules

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of gas, or atoms, or constituents of atoms, would appear to be the size of tennis balls, or of such a large relative size that we would feel their pummelling distinctly, then our dimensions would be so minute that we could very easily fit into an intra-molecular or intra-atomic space with still a vast void separating us from the nearest solid body? The fact seems to be that the void spaces are immensely large as compared with the moving bodies themselves. If our dimensions were still so large that we were being constantly struck by the vibrating bodies, those bodies would be extremely, if not nearly infinitesimally, small in comparison; and if we were small enough to feel distinctly the individual impact, the chances of being struck would be perhaps almost as remote as the chance that the solar system may be struck by one of the external stars.

Has Mr. Huxley here overlooked an opportunity to draw a further parallelism between the structure of the universe and the structure of what we know as material bodies?

JAMES T. BARKELEW.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED